

From Fraser's Magazine.

LONDON IN 1851.

WE are on the eve of a decennial census. Twenty years ago the population of London was estimated at a million and a half. Taking the average rate of increase upon a period of sixty years, we may assume, with a tolerable certainty of being close upon the mark, that the next census will exhibit a population not materially under two millions and a half of human beings, men, women, and children, living for pleasure or pain, pursuing their toils or cultivating their enjoyments, within this over-grown and ever-growing hive—the metropolis of the world in other and greater aspects of power than that of mere vital statistics.

The superficies covered by the close net-work of houses in which this vast multitude are pent up extends, in a straggling and irregular form, over eighteen or twenty square miles, equal to twelve or thirteen thousand acres. You may travel east and west in nearly a straight line, through an unbroken continuity of houses, to a distance of between nine and ten miles, and north and south between five and six miles. New streets, squares, crescents, terraces, and suburban villas, hardly to be distinguished, except by a gush of trees and flowers here and there, from the more compact and populous streets upon whose extremities they are grafted, grow up in thick clusters upon the frontiers with a rapidity so astounding that it is impossible at any particular moment of time to fix the actual limits of that brick-and-mortar chaos which comes under the general designation of London. Even while we are making the calculation, fields, gardens, and sleepy hamlets, are in process of obliteration by masonry and scaffolding on all sides. No man can define where the town ends and the country begins. There is no country, in the true pastoral sense, within many miles of London. From whatever point of the compass you approach the great metropolis you have shadows of its giant limbs, in the manufactories and residences that dot the surface long before you come within the breath of its loaded atmosphere. The foreigner who enters at the mouth of the river feels the influence of London nearly a hundred miles off. He sails up to London Bridge through a panorama of towns seated on cliffs, or dipping their verandahs into the stream; mansions, warehouses, docks, and wharfs; a forest of masts, presenting a congress of the merchant flags of the whole civilized world; and a crush and din of industry by land and water, such as no exaggeration of the imagination could have prefigured. If he will only take the trouble to educate his wonder by dipping into a few of the marvellous facts that are daily accomplished on this misnamed Silent Highway—the trade it carries up and down, the myriads of men employed in it, the quantity of money paid and spent in labor and revelry on the river and its banks between sunrise and sunset, and the floating population eternally navigating its animated surface—he will discover ample reasons for concurring with the Frenchman who declared that London was not a city, but a province.

In populousness it exceeds some of the most re-

spectable provinces of Europe, and leaves the capitals of the world at an immeasurable distance behind. You might pick out of our dense thoroughfares, without missing them, streets, lanes, and alleys, equal in extent to the Broadway of New York, the great quay of St. Petersburg, the Palais Royal, the Louvre, and the Tuileries. The population of Paris ranges not very considerably above half the population of London; St. Petersburg is less than a third; and, in gross numbers, the population of London will probably, under the next census, be found to be equal to that of Paris, Vienna, Madrid, and Brussels, added together. In comparison with provinces, or rather with small independent states, the contrast is still more remarkable. The population of London exceeds that of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany by 300,000, that of the Grand Duchy of Baden by upwards of 500,000, and is nearly or about five times the amount of the population of Nassau. Ascending to kingdoms that fill more or less prominent rôles on the great stage of the political drama, we get the following results: London is within 4 or 500,000 of half the population of Bavaria; exceeds by upwards of 100,000, half the population of Belgium, and by 400,000 half the population of Holland; is equal to the whole population of Hanover; exceeds the whole population of Westphalia by 450,000; and is considerably more than double the whole population of Greece.

These dry figures suggest a lively idea of the perfection to which we have brought the art of packing, illustrating to the last extremity the economical problem of the greatest possible number in the smallest possible space. Assuming the area of London to be nineteen square miles, it yields us a population on each mile of 130,000 human creatures, performing within that stinted compass all the operations of life and death, mixed up in a fearful *mélange* of passions and interests, luxury and starvation, debauchery and criminality, hard work and idleness; besides an infinity of occupations—useful, ornamental, and mischievous, making love, begging alms, picking pockets, juggling, grinding organs, rolling in carriages, exhibiting “happy families” in the streets, and returning at night to unspeakable misery at home. This population is taken on an average of the whole surface. If we descend into the more densely inhabited quarters of the town we may fairly double it; from which estimate the reader is requested to draw a faint picture in his thoughts of the condition of existence, respective of air, cleanliness, food, and space, in which some hundreds of thousands of people eat, drink, and die, in London, from one year's end to another. A quarter of a million of souls subsisting within the limits of a square mile is a spectacle of a stand-up fight against nature such as cannot be rendered very intelligible by description. The magnitude of the wretchedness baffles us. Individual suffering makes a direct appeal to our sympathies, while the sufferings of large masses are somewhat vague. The mind can readily admit a family group stricken on their straw pallets by famine and disease, but it cannot all at once take in a whole district undergoing the slow agonies of deficient food and a fetid atmosphere..

As the numbers crowd upon us, the distinctness of the misery diminishes.

Such, then, is London at the opening of the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one. What will it be in the approaching month of May? This question, notwithstanding the discussions it has occasioned for months past in newspapers, drawing-rooms, and workshops, has been by no means satisfactorily answered. In striking an average of the number of strangers likely to visit us during the time of the Exhibition, people are generally governed by their own faith or want of faith in its attractiveness, instead of looking abroad to ascertain the state of opinion around them! At first, the unbelievers preponderated enormously. Prince Albert's programme was coldly received. Foreigners thought it was an ingenious device for the glorification of English industry, and English industry thought it was a stratagem for introducing a ruinous competition into the home market. Subscriptions dropped in slowly; local committees were formed more by the force of fashion and example than from a real confidence in the result; and the bulk of the people held aloof, without caring to disguise the distrust with which they regarded the whole proceeding. Enthusiasm ran as far into excess on the other side. While popular indifference depreciated the design, and predicted an ignominious failure, the zeal of its supporters indulged in inordinate anticipations of success. Time has considerably modified these extreme opinions, and brought them nearer to a rational medium. The enthusiasts are becoming more practical in their speculations, and the sceptics have relinquished their objections. As the preparations for this grand bazaar of nations thicken around us, and the Palace of Glass develops its colossal outlines, and communications from the governments of other countries begin to give substance and reality to the project, people, whether they like it or not, and whatever may be their private doubts of its ultimate effect, cannot help feeling some interest and curiosity in its progress. The English are tardy in taking up such matters. They are not to be dazzled by *galantie* shows, or diverted from their solid routine by *fêtes* and jousts. In this instance, they have shown their constitutional temperament to considerable advantage. Even the personal appeals of the prince could not tempt them out of their ordinary course, and it was only within the last few weeks that any very general manifestation of interest in the affair could be said to have been exhibited by the bulk of the middle and working classes. The same interest is growing up from the same causes in other countries; and the nearer we approach the day when the speculations of the past shall become a *fait accompli*, the data upon which we may raise our calculations accumulate with increasing certainty, and at an accelerated ratio. We not only see more clearly that the Exhibition will amply fulfil the expectations of its supporters in the way of attendance, but that the attendance is likely to be much more multitudinous than the most sanguine amongst them ventured to prognosticate. The estimate, which might have appeared preposterous a month ago, can now no longer be regarded with incredulity.

The lodging-house keepers alone seem to have had an early appreciation of the vastness of the opportunity that lay before them. They were in advance of the rest of the world in the sagacity they displayed from the very beginning, for which we should be disposed to give them some credit, if it did not bear a suspicious resemblance to the

policy they usually pursue when there happens to be a pressure from without. No class in the community better understand the doctrine of supply and demand, or show more skill in working up prices to the highest practicable point. From the moment the arrangements for the Exhibition took an organized shape, lodgings immediately began to rise; the door was closed upon permanent tenants, and no engagements would be entered upon beyond March or April, in the expectation of the war prices that are to follow. First floors in the meanest situations were advanced to the rent of West-end houses, second floors were rated at treble the value of first floors, and single attics were brevetted to the rank of a whole suite of commodious apartments. In this case, as in most cases where there is too greedy a desire to take advantage of circumstances, the probability is that the speculation will be overdone. If we cannot exactly say that the lodging-houses are calculating without their host, we may risk a prediction that they are calculating without their guests. The bulk of our visitors cannot afford to pay these exorbitant English charges. Your economical German, who finds an absolute daily use for the pettiest coins in Christendom, and to whom a pfenning or a groschen is a fraction of intelligible value, will be appalled at being required to pay more for a choked-up bedroom than he could procure a handsome house for on the banks of the Neckar or the Rhine. He will look gravely at his letter of credit before he consents to see it absorbed in that sort of accommodation which of all others he can best dispense with. Out early and late in the parks and streets, his bed is a matter of comparative unimportance; and he will submit to any inconvenience at night in order to save all he can for the inevitable expenses of the day. Large rafts fitted up with beds on the river, at reasonable charges, would detach from the lodging-houses a considerable portion of the loose masses who, wanting only a bed at night, and no further domiciliary comforts, will be glad to get a few hours' sleep on the lowest terms. The fatigues of the morning will prepare them to sleep soundly under the most inauspicious circumstances; and they will have need of all the resources they can command to cover the inevitable outlay of eating, drinking, and sight-seeing. We are, of course, speaking only of the large majority of persons who will be drawn into London on this occasion, either for pleasure or business, or both. A small minority will, no doubt, require a higher style of entertainment, and be prepared to pay for it. But it must be remembered, that by far the largest proportion will consist of single men; that there will be few ladies, and fewer families, amongst the foreign importations; and that the main reliance of the expensive lodging-houses must be, not upon the people who come from the Continent, but upon our own wealthy countrymen who come up from the provinces. Taking all these contingencies into consideration, we are strongly inclined to think that the avidity to obtain extravagant prices will end in disappointment—not from any failure in the demand, but from the fact that the tax on the supply will act as a prohibition. We believe the influx of visitors, let them find sleeping-rooms where or how they may, will exceed any estimate yet formed of their numbers.

In the first place, every article sent up to the Exhibition will be accompanied by qualified persons to display and take charge of it. It is now known that there are 7000 exhibitors. To these may be

added, in most cases, the manufacturers, patentees, or artists themselves, or individuals representing them, and a crowd of others directly interested in each particular production on its own account, independently of any general interest in the exposition at large. As we are to have specimens of skill and industry from every quarter of the globe—even to the remotest regions where shuttles are plied or furnaces lighted—the actors, of all races and occupations, actually engaged upon the scene, to say nothing of the spectators, will form an imposing congregation in themselves. How they are to be accommodated in the operations indispensable to their connection with the business of the day is as yet a mystery. The Crystal Palace is of vast extent, contains an area for standing room of 450,000 feet, and is capable of accommodating 50,000 persons; but the transactions that are to be carried on in it would seem to require the space and resources of a small town. Means, however, do adjust themselves to ends in all great enterprises; and we suppose the difficulties which at present appear insuperable will be gradually overcome, after the first crush and confusion shall have yielded to a system of strict arrangement and discipline.

Having disposed of this weighty batch of strangers, who cannot be properly included under the head of visitors, we come to multitudes who, having no personal interest in the articles on show, will be attracted to the spot by other motives. They may be divided into two classes—those who come for practical purposes, and those who are drawn by no higher motive than pleasure or curiosity, with a rolling tide of *dilettanti* between, more or less influenced by both objects. Open out the map of the world, and run hastily over the chief seats of art and industry, east, west, north, and south. Take the lowest possible estimate of the contributions we are likely to receive from them, and of the natives of each place that are likely to follow their own manufactures to the shores of England upon the occasion of this novel jubilee, and you will arrive at a total from which you will shrink in dismay. We have tried that experiment upon a scale of moderation, which we considered far below the probable average, but have too much regard for the nerves of the public to reveal the result.

The only safe data we can proceed upon are the speculations which reach us from quarters, well-informed upon local details, and these, imperfect as they must unavoidably be, are alarming enough. We learn, for instance, that upwards of 20,000 berths are already secured at New York; and that such is the expected pressure from the United States as to induce the packet companies to make arrangements for the despatch of a vessel to convey passengers daily from New York. The preparations going forward all through Germany, in Russia, and even in Turkey, justify similar expectations; and the French authorities in this country look forward to the reception of at least 300,000 or 400,000 of their countrymen.\* The arrangements in contemplation by the railroad and steam-packet companies at home for the frequent and rapid conveyance of passengers from all points of Great Britain and Ireland will, doubtless, have the usual effect of cheapness and facility, and tempt hundreds of thousands to run up to London to see the

show who might not otherwise have ventured upon the excursion. This is an important item in the calculation. An estimate has been hazarded of a million of visitors from Ireland, Scotland, and the provinces—about three per cent. upon the whole population, which is manifestly absurd. Taking a considerably lower estimate than this, and striking as careful an average on other countries as our present materials will enable us, it may be assumed, without much hesitation, that the total number of strangers who will visit London during the period of the Exhibition will reach to about 2,000,000. Perhaps they will not descend upon us all at once like an avalanche, but five or six months is a short period to distribute them over; and as there exists an eager curiosity on all sides to witness the ceremonies of inauguration, we cannot hope for much relief on that score.

Presuming that of these two millions one half may be expected in constant transit, it is no easy achievement for the imagination to grasp the train of monstrous images suggested by the realized fact of three millions and a half of people careering in full swing of strangeness and bewilderment through the streets of London. It is literally a kingdom poured into a town—Belgium or Holland, for instance; or, returning to our figures, the whole of the united populations of Baden, Westphalia, Greece, and Nassau. Contemplate it in whatever aspect we may, it is more like the vision of a distempered brain, or the amplification of an Oriental allegory, than an actual occurrence taking place under our eyes in sober England in the nineteenth century. There has never been such a gathering before since the world began. The fabulous hordes that ravage the Celestial Empire in the pages of its hyperbolical history sink into insignificance in comparison.

What is to be done with these people when they arrive here! Where are they to be lodged? Think of the stratagems and devices that will be resorted to in the desperate effort to supply their wants! Think of the quantities of chalk-water that will be sold for milk, the wonderful manufacture of lard into butter, and the skill that will be exhausted upon gooseberry-champagne and English cognac. We dare not speculate upon cooks'-shops and eating-houses. In those hospitable retreats for famishing strangers the delicacies of the season will, doubtless, receive accessions likely to place the ingenuity of our purveyors in as favorable a contrast with their foreign rivals as their contemporary manufacturers hope to achieve in the Exhibition.

But the streets—the streets of London under the surging tramp and uproar of three millions and a half of people! By what means are we to preserve English decorum in the streets! Foreigners don't understand the system which necessity has rendered imperative alike upon pedestrians and vehicles in our crowded avenues. They will never be able to adjust themselves to the "rules of the road." The streams of foot-passengers will get into inextricable knots, like bundles of serpents twisted together, and horses and carriages will be perpetually smashing each other at abrupt angles and sudden crossings. It will be next to impossible to turn a carriage with safety; and, between crowding and commotion, the utmost speed that can be calculated upon will be scarcely more lively than a snail's pace.

These foreigners have no notion of being restrained within the boundary of the kerb-stone

\* [Suppose they come over armed, Sir Francis! What then?—*Liv. Age.*]

At home they straggle out all over the open streets of their uncomfortable, stony, picturesque, old, towns: here they will try to do the same thing. Let them try, and see what will come of it. Fancy some wandering groups of innocent strangers meandering in this way about Holborn and the Strand—the outcry, the recoil, the lashing of horses, the Babel of tongues, the savage gesticulations from multitudes of Orson heads, the swaying backwards and forwards of dense masses pressed up against the shop-windows in the rush of their alarms. Who is to pay for the broken windows? Where are the funds to come from that will be required to defray the increased expenses of the hospitals? How are deadends to be levied for the mortal accidents that will scar the records of this *annus mirabilis*?

No doubt they will tumble out, continental fashion, into the middle of the streets, in spite of all warnings to the contrary. Indeed, we are at a loss to see how they can help it. The foot-pavement won't hold them. Even in ordinary times, when London is what is called "full," the foot-pavement would be impassable if it were not for the order which is observed by a common assent, and common necessity. But who shall preserve order amongst a heterogeneous mob gathered indiscriminately from all parts of the world, and bringing into the multitudinous collision an infinite medley of customs, costumes, and conflicting temperaments? The police? You might as well set up a wicker fence to keep out the sea.

And by what dexterous organization of existing resources are the various wants and requirements of these masses of pedestrians to be provided for?—the demands of thirst, heat, fatigue? The shops can't supply them. Buns, ices, and ginger-beer, can never keep pace with the demand, even if the counters were capacious enough to receive such floods of customers. Will the poor apple-women struggle at their stalls, and itinerant coffee-shops and travelling ovens still endeavor to keep their standing in the streets? It is more probable that they will be swept away by the fury of the tide, and the whole of the locomotive traffic of the metropolis obliterated for the time being.

Where will the millions retreat to in moments of emergency—when there happens to be a broiling sun, for instance? Where are the porches and awnings to shelter them? They will rush, perhaps, *en masse*, to the shady side of the street; in which case, the wise man will fly to the opposite side, knowing well that the burning sun itself must be more cool and airy than the neighborhood of that jammed and panting multitude.

Bearing in mind that the usage of coachmen abroad is the reverse of our own, it will be a service of imminent peril to drive through the streets. Most people will put up their carriages and horses for the season, and trust to the chapter of accidents; and a chapter of accidents they will find it. The mere increase of conveyances is something startling to reflect upon. There are no less than a thousand additional cabs—perhaps more—to be licensed; and as the majority of them will ply in the one direction, we may conjecture the riot that will ensue. Nor is it unreasonable to anticipate that a variety of other vehicles will start up to accommodate the various tastes of strangers, for all we know, from the *vigilante* to the *char-à-bancs*. There is no saying into what excesses the spirit of speculation may run in its eagerness to make the most of the golden harvest. But all this time, with the

concourse of wheels and horses jostling upon the causeway, what is to become of the ladies? How are they to cross the streets a-foot? Some expedient ought to be resorted to for the purpose of diminishing the incessant alarm and danger to which they will be exposed, and enabling them to effect the perilous passage of the crossings in safety. It occurs to us that this object might be secured by throwing up temporary bridges at particular points for their accommodation. Handsome returns might be looked for at no higher rate than a half-penny a head. The omnibus proprietors, we hear, have it in contemplation to adopt an entirely new set of regulations for this emergency. Omnibuses travelling westward, it is understood, will not proceed beyond Charing Cross, anticipating that a further advance in that direction will be rendered impracticable by the crowds moving on the high track to the Palace; and the omnibuses from the western districts of Hammersmith, Chiswick, and Brentford, will either stop at Kensington Gate, or make a *détour* by Brompton to land their passengers at the nearest attainable point to town. But innumerable omnibuses will ply direct to the Exhibition, and confine their traffic to that line alone. This will be a pleasant thing for Knightsbridge, and the quiet, smiling houses in Kensington Gore, that used to have such a tranquil, uninterrupted look-out upon the Park. The only individual upon the whole road likely to hail the din with unmixed satisfaction is M. Soyer, who has taken Lady Blessington's house for a term of six months, at the rent, if rumor may be credited, of 600*l.*, for the purpose of converting it into a great hostelry, to be conducted on continental principles, with a spanking *table d'hôte*, and extensive arrangements for the reception of travellers. While Gore House, however, will be exulting with flags and banners over the tumultuous condition of the road, Stratheden House, and the rest of the aristocratic mansions *en route*, will, probably, be shut up in self-defence. "One man's meat," observes Lord Bacon, "is another man's poison." The adage is apt to the occasion—M. Soyer will batten on the meat which is poison to Lord Campbell.

It must not be supposed, however, that all the thunder will be monopolized by this part of the town. Distant extremities will feel the shock hardly less violently. The railways will put on extra force to any given extent that may be required. They will issue day tickets and two-day tickets from, and to, all available districts within reach of a four-and-twenty or an eight-and-forty hours' journey. They will get up trains as fast as carriages can be locked together, and run them all day long. The consternation on the shrieking lines, especially at the junction branches and the level-road gates, and the uproar at the metropolitan stations, will exhibit companion *tableaux* on earth to Milton's "horrid crew" writhing and "rolling in the fiery gulf." Multitudes of country *gobe-mouches* may be expected to flutter up to town of a morning to see how it looks, going back to their silent homesteads in the evening to relate the wonders they have witnessed. Large assemblages are always followed by crowds, who troop after them merely to gape at the gentry and go away again: so that between railways, and cheap boats on the river, the people who come to see the Exhibition may expect to be skirted and dogged by roving masses, whom they will have themselves attracted to the scene. The lookers-on will, probably, outnumber the visitors themselves.



Outside curiosity at a fair generally collects in greater strength than the genteeler curiosity which scrambles up the ladder into the booth. To these must be added an extraordinary gathering of the fraternity of *chevaliers d'industrie*. They never had such a field of operations for their dexterity before; and should any French Communists happen to be present, they will doubtless have abundant occasion for admiring the skill with which our professional pick-pockets will turn to account so brilliant an opportunity for effecting a re-distribution of property.

Talking of the "confusion worse confounded," which will prevail at the railway stations, we cannot help deploring the forlorn extremities to which the "unprotected female" will be reduced during this fearful period. How will she ever manage to take care of herself on the platform? How can she ever get a cab? How can she make her way home? Our friend *Punch*, who has so benevolently taken charge of her in less perilous times, will have more than enough to do to see her in safety through this stunning crisis.

And as if we were not to have enough of crowding and crushing, the Temperance Societies in the country contemplate the frantic act of making a grand demonstration in the metropolis on this occasion. They will come up with drums and trumpets, to show the world what a fine, appeasing, civilizing thing it is to eschew strong drinks; practically contradicting, at the same time, their grand professions of moderation, by showing how much more riotous water can be by design, than alcohol by accident. This is something like the Peace Society rushing into a camp, and, by a fruitless agitation, inflaming the rage for hostilities. It should be made known, however, as a check to the jubilant displays of these disorderly tea-drinkers, that they sail under false colors, and make pretence to a virtue which they do not practise. Their creed is not temperance—which is the creed of all rational men—but total abstinence; and the difference between them is this, that whereas temperance demands a vigilant self-control, total abstinence requires no self-control whatever. There is a difference worthy of note, between Prospero breaking his staff and burying it "certain fathoms in the earth," and Prospero resisting the temptations of the magic he wields, and using it only for good. We have no objection to total abstinence, but things ought to be called by their right names, so that we may understand their import. Why don't these turbulent societies proclaim themselves teetotallers, instead of setting up for moralists and philosophers?

One of the most striking features of the gathering of the industrial clans will be presented by the English artisans, who are to visit the Exhibition for the purpose of practical investigation. A large establishment is already in progress for their reception in the Ranelagh Road, upon a magnitude commensurate with their requirements. It will contain four sleeping-rooms, embracing an area of upwards of 37,000 feet, with beds for 1000 persons, the sleeping-places being separately partitioned off, with keys to enable their tenants to lock them up in the daytime. In addition to this accommodation, the building will have dining, reading, and smoking rooms, covering an area of 2500 feet, and a lantern at the top of 1500 feet square, disclosing a magnificent panorama of the metropolis. A procession of these operatives, on their way to the Crystal Palace in the days set

apart for their inspection of its wonders, will possess a high moral and social interest, and offer an instructive contrast to the harlequinade of the water-drinkers.

It is curious that while almost every imaginable resource has been called into action to give facility to the movements of strangers, nobody seems to have thought of starting an office for *commissionnaires* to guide them over the town. We should have supposed that such a scheme would have been one of the first to occur to the clever *entrepreneurs*, who are putting out their invention and experience to a profitable investment in the chances and accidents of the time. Such an office, with the requisite variety of tongues in it, located somewhere in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, where foreigners "most do congregate," would be hailed with much satisfaction by the helpless multitude, to whom, without some assistance of that kind, the stir and excitement will be hardly more intelligible than an obstreperous pantomime denuded of its explanatory placards.

The functions of such a bureau might legitimately embrace a still wider range of utility. It should have a *cabinet de lecture*, liberally supplied with foreign journals and periodicals, a register of addresses, and lists of the principal shops and hotels, with intelligent persons on the premises to answer all inquiries, and to give such general information as would enable a stranger to make the most of a short visit in glancing at the antiquities and sights of the town. Here trustworthy *commissionnaires*, responsible to the managers of the establishment, might be hired, letters received and dispatched by post, and the ordinary business connected with the transit of travellers transacted. A moderate subscription by the day, week, or month, would ensure ample returns for an undertaking of this description, if it were conducted with the requisite system and attention to details.

Agencies have been established in several parts of the town for supplying furnished houses and lodgings. This was the most obvious want, and the first to be provided for. But, as far as we have been able to ascertain, the supply in this way is as yet almost exclusively confined to the west end, and the more thronged quarters. Suburban householders have not shown the activity which it is desirable they should exert. Efforts ought to be made to attract visitors into the suburbs, so as to relieve the central streets as much as possible. By distributing the pressure, we shall escape, at least, some of the inconveniences which must ensue from having the flood pent up in a limited space. This can be effected only by the energy of those who are directly interested in the results. People who have houses in such neighborhoods as Chelsea, Brompton, Hamstead, Camden Town, &c., ought to furnish the public agents with their addresses; and these announcements ought to be accompanied by a statement of terms, to save waste of time and the trouble of explanations, in order that the decision of the visitor, whose short stay amongst us will afford him no leisure for inquiring and bargaining, may be taken without delay. We cannot too earnestly impress upon every individual who has a house or apartments to dispose of on the confines of the town, the importance of taking effective measures to make his locality known, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the public at large. Foreigners coming over in a great hurry, and in great numbers, prepared to remain, perhaps only a week or two, can-

not be expected to make experimental excursions in search of lodgings. They will take the nearest at hand that they can get, and will, naturally enough, apply in the first instance to those quarters that are most conveniently situated for this purpose. If, however, available accommodations within reasonable distances, recommended by local advantages and comparative economy, were at once brought under their notice, multitudes would be drawn from the crowded thoroughfares glad to find refuge in more tranquil neighborhoods.

The estimate we have stated of the total number may possibly be excessive; but, under any circumstances, taking into account the crowds that will visit London merely for the day, to return again in the evening, the average we have struck, which gives us a floating addition of one million in our streets during the run of the Exhibition, cannot be regarded as an exaggeration. The Palace of Glass, as we have observed, is said to be capacious enough to accommodate 50,000 people. This will, of course, depend upon the space occupied by the productions to be displayed. Of that we have no present means of judging. Whatever its capacity may be, however, there is no doubt that after the first few weeks of exclusive prices of admission it will be filled every day, as long as its attraction continues. This anticipation may be confidently assumed, independently of the intrinsic interest of the Exhibition itself, from the fact that the mere tour of the tables or counters covers no less than twenty miles, so that it will require three, four, or more, visits to see and inspect the whole. The effect will, probably, be found to be very different from the anticipations hitherto formed of it. We are now not speaking of picturesque combinations, long avenues of colored pillars, arcades and galleries, the noble transept with forest-trees growing under its transparent roof, and a *coup d'œil* which, for magnificence and variety of detail, must be admitted to transcend the most gorgeous conceptions of the Eastern fabulists. We are speaking now simply of the *heat*. Glass has a wonderfully light and cool appearance. Spreading above and around you on all sides in a net of the slenderest filagree-work, whose intersecting lines fade into threads in the distance, it impresses you at the first glance with much the same feeling as if you were in the open air. Presently that agreeable delusion vanishes. The consciousness of the nature of the lustrous walls and canopy within which you are enclosed comes rapidly upon you; and before you are a quarter of an hour under the action of its influence you have unmistakable evidence of the fact, that if glass possesses the desirable quality of admitting light, it also excludes air. The most ingenious contrivances for establishing complete ventilation throughout this immense pile can effect, at the best, but an imperfect remedy for this inconvenience. Even before the works were finished, and while large gaps in the roof and sides were yet open to wind and rain, and only a handful of visitors were collected below, the heat in different parts of the building was equal in mid-winter to that of an ordinary summer's day. We confess we look forward with some apprehension to what it will be in June next, when 50,000 people will be gathered into its aisles. The place will be a gigantic conservatory, and no suggestion has hitherto been made which harmonizes so happily with its available capabilities as the proposal to convert it hereafter into a *jardin d'hiver*. Here, in the depth of storms and frost, you may realize the luxurious atmos-

phere of the South, and see the roses blowing under your eyes while the tempest is howling outside, and shaking in their sockets the impervious panes to which you are indebted for the sweet, warm air you are breathing.

But these are minor points. Heat, crushing, dust, noise, confusion, and the rough mixture of blouses and satins, rugged broadcloth and filmy paletots, are inferior considerations, after all. The gravest matter of all is the difficulty that will be found in preserving order. Wherever large masses of people are collected for any purpose it requires an overawing force to avert accidents, not to say anything about the necessity of quelling disturbances. The main embarrassment in reference to the Exhibition is, that if a force were to be employed adequate to the demands of the occasion, the increased inconvenience would counterbalance the contingent benefit. Besides, it would be impossible to procure such a force. The preservation of order, therefore, must be left, in a great measure, to the discretion and good sense of the inhabitants. They must be their own special constables; and the best way to promote a general good understanding will be to relax our habitual forms, and make reasonable allowances for the unacquaintance of strangers with our modes and customs. They will be all well disposed to enjoy themselves, if we will allow them to enjoy themselves only a little after their own fashion. The habits of most Europeans are more free and open than ours. They are more accustomed to out-of-door pleasures than we are; their animal spirits take a higher range; and their hilarity, mercurial and excitable as it may appear, is safe enough if we let it flow at its ease. The real danger to be provided against is a collision of these opposite temperaments. Let us not set our heavy decorum against their sprightly humors. Let us be careful not to magnify every passing burst of merriment into an outrage, or to interpret unintentional violations of our usages into offences against our social code. If we will only put the best construction upon all *contresens* and excesses, the town, rising into clamor at the dawn, will subside again at night into its usual tranquillity, without giving much additional trouble to our wakeful Dogberries. For our own parts, relying on the practical good sense of the people, we have no anxiety about the issue.

It is whispered about that the Socialists and Republicans of France and other places, where periodical eruptions appear to be indispensable for clearing off the vicious humors of the body politic, intend to avail themselves of the confusion by getting up an organized movement, in the expectation of being aided in their design by the English Chartists; and if certain mysterious communications which have recently taken place in the advertising columns of *The Times* newspaper between sundry unknown parties have any relation to the plot, there may be a shadow of a foundation for the report. But surely the visionary patriots who have entered into this combination—if any such there be—must be grievously ignorant of the state of society and opinion in this country, or they would hardly risk their lives—useless as they are to themselves and to everybody else—in so hopeless a project. A foreign *émeute* in the streets of London would be a novelty of as grotesque a kind as one of those rebellions we witness in a stage burlesque, wherein great pasteboard ogres and wickerwork cavalry strut and tumble about in imbecile fury, to the roars of the gallery and the infinite delight of

little children, who know well enough what will come by and bye of their grisly heads and goggle eyes. As to looking for sympathy from the Chartists, that is the most forlorn of all forlorn hopes. In the first place, the Chartists are Englishmen, and have a national distaste for foreign aid; and, in the next place, as a party, they are extinct. There is neither organization, credit, nor confidence amongst them. They have fallen out with each other, detected the dishonesty of their leaders, become split into factions amongst themselves, and, drifting about without rudder or compass, are, for the most part, either scattered over the surface at the mercy of the winds and waves, or sunk to the bottom. To get up a revolution with such exhausted elements as these, destitute of a definite purpose, and lacking the means to sustain it for half-an-hour after the first shock, would be much the same thing as if its apostles were to run their wise heads against a stone wall, even supposing that they took us by surprise; but to attempt such an adventure now that we are warned of their intention, would be to carry the absurdity to the further extent described by Mr. Canning, of first building the stone wall, and then knocking out their brains against it.

We can hardly trust ourselves to believe that any such conspiracy is in contemplation, although we are well aware that no folly of that kind is too extravagant for the lively chivalry of the barriades; but it is just as well to know that, if it be, the authorities are prepared to crush it. The police force of the metropolis is to be considerably augmented, and effective garrisons, hovering about the suburbs, in addition to the regular troops in barracks, will be ready to act upon any point where their services may be required at ten minutes' notice. Mr. Phillips' fire-annihilating gas is not a more decisive extinguisher than the sudden concentration of these disciplined masses will prove should these wandering anarchists make any attempt to disturb the peace of London.

And so let everybody take notice that Britannia, seated by her shield, with her trident in her hand, and her calm, imperturbable lion crouched at her feet, as you see her looking out over the tributary ocean in sundry little *affiches* that have made the world familiar with her portrait, is ready to give a gracious and hospitable reception to all comers, to provide royally for their comfort and security, and to repress with a vigorous hand every symptom of disorder and disturbance that may happen to spring up either by accident or design. That quiet lion, that looks so slumberous in the sun, opening and shutting his placid eyes so lazily, and sprawling out his great paws in a sort of dream, is by no means so sleepy as he looks. He is the most generous and liberal of lions; but it is n't safe to play tricks with him. Let all fomenters of discontent and setters up of street dynasties be careful, therefore, how they provoke him; and, for the rest, this Festival of Art and Industry will present a scene of peaceful emulation alike profitable and honorable to all who assist in carrying out its legitimate objects.

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#### THE NEW NATION.

It is only at long intervals that a *nation* is born into the world; still more rarely can we discern in the embryo the signs of a gigantic maturity. Since the time when the hordes of Mahomet II.

poured through the breaches of Byzantium, and from the thousands of the female captives, and from the daughters of Greece and the Caucasus who ever since then have filled the harems of the conquerors, the present Turco-European race grew up between the Ionian and Ægean seas, there has been no hymen of the nations, and no new people has appeared on the globe. The American variety of the Anglo-Saxon race, although exhibiting peculiarities unknown among its brethren in the Old World, is the result of transplanting, rather than of any extensive mingling of blood. But now, after the lapse of six centuries, a new nation is growing up under our eyes, with a rapidity that has no parallel, amidst extraordinary circumstances which have riveted universal attention, and with a future in store for it in which the novelty of the national career can only be equalled by its importance.

The region of California, in which the new nation is taking root, seems the last in the world that would be peopled by civilized man. Of all spots on the globe, it has been the furthest removed from the highways of enterprise. Not a road to it was to be found on the map of the traveller, not a route to it laid down on charts of the mariner; the deserts and woods and mountain-passes by land—the rocks and shoals and currents by sea, were known to not one in a million of earth's inhabitants. The vast Pacific Ocean rolled between it and Asia. The snow-capt chain of the Rocky Mountains, impassable, save in one or two places, and these only at certain seasons—and the pathless wastes of the prairies, traversed only by hostile tribes of Indians, cut it off from communication with the thinly-peopled States of America. Yet the love of gold peopled the solitude—the sparkle of precious ores effected what no other inducement could. The *auri sacra fames*—now, even more than in ancient times, the great lever for moving mankind—so often the bane of the species, has here become subservient to its greatest good. It is making “the rough places smooth”—it is guiding man into the seats of his future glory, and is placing him on the throne of a new world.\* What an assemblage it has gathered there! People from all quarters of the globe, of every kindred and tongue, of every hue and dress and feature, came flocking to the Californian strand. Emigrants from every nation of Europe—English, Irish, Scotch, German, Swiss, Pole, French, Spaniard—worked side by side with the Indians and Anglo-Saxons of Northern America, and with the native Chilians and half-breeds of its southern regions. The Australian joined then from his Antarctic continent, the Malay and Polynesian from the isles of

\* It is not a little remarkable that a similar process is at present going on, though on a smaller scale, in the heart of Central Asia. Gold has recently been found, in considerable quantities, in the solitudes of Siberia; men have flocked in numbers to the spot, a town has risen into importance, and prices there almost equal those of California in exorbitance, and the luxury and extravagance of the miners present a similar parallel. Still more: geological science informs us that some of the mountain-ranges in Australia belong to the class of rocks generally found to be auriferous; and almost ere the announcement is uttered, news comes from that distant region that gold has actually been found there, though we cannot as yet say to what extent. Thus at three nearly equi-distant spots on the globe has the ever-coveted gold ore been contemporaneously discovered; and those spots are precisely the ones furthest removed from the existing seats of civilized population, and from the ordinary route of emigration. Gold is drawing man into the wilderness of nature.

the Pacific; while the Chinaman came forth, like an anchorite from his cell, to join in this varied mass of golden speculators. Such a concourse of human tribes the world never before beheld. The new nation is an assembly of all the others—it is the world's parliament, presided over by the best specimen of our race, the first in freedom, in enterprise, in colonization—the Anglo Saxon. The novelty of its elements and of its situation pre-figures the novelty of its future career.\*

The influence of blood on the character and career of a nation has at times been undervalued by those who dogmatize on the assumptions of theory, instead of generalizing from the evidences of history; but the influence of circumstances, and of local peculiarities, has only been raised thereby into additional importance. What is taken from blood must be given to circumstances; what is denied to the power of circumstances must be ascribed to the influence of blood. Blood is the influence of the Past—circumstances of the Present. In calculating the future career of California, it is difficult to say to which of these influences most importance is to be attached. We have already seen the extraordinary human medley which is giving birth to the new nation; but, if possible, the circumstances amidst which the nation is cradled are more extraordinary still. In a district stretching some five hundred miles along the shores of the Pacific, and sloping from the margin of the sea to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, a few stragglers were the only signs of human life that appeared amid a primeval solitude.† All at once, gold is discovered—gold in abundance, gold everywhere. In the beds of the rivers, in the sands of the hill-torrents, in the seams of the rock, in the bowels of the earth, the precious ore appeared—nay, the very soil seemed impregnated with the glittering dust; and forthwith settlers came hurtling thither like clouds of locusts. Every wind of heaven seemed to blow them to the golden land. Within eighteen months, a hundred thousand men arrived from the United States; nine thousand wagons, bearing five times that number of persons, came through the passes

of the Rocky Mountains; and four thousand immigrants rode on horseback through the same route. Crowds poured in breathless haste across the Darien Isthmus; and others made a sea-voyage of 17,000 miles round Cape Horn, intrusting themselves, during this stormy passage, to leaky and shattered barks, resembling that in which Columbus made his last voyage from the New World to Spain. From the ships they beheld a land without fruits, without cities, almost without inhabitants; but gold was in the blue mountains that rose in the distance—and, heedless of hunger and thirst, heat and cold, raiment and lodging, they plunged fearlessly into solitudes where the wolf and the buffalo, the squirrel and the bear, had reigned since the deluge. Population had poured in thousands to its shores, and ships came in fleets to its ports. But the towns on the coast were almost wholly forsaken; vessels in the harbor were deserted; \* the harvest was at first unreaped, and the industry of the country stopped, as if struck by a universal paralysis, while the flood of population poured ceaselessly into the valley of the Sacramento. Along the borders of the rivers, and in the ravines of the wild hilly country, camps were formed, and tents, bowers, mud huts, and rudely-erected sheds, multiplied and covered the ground; while hundreds had to sleep in the open air, and these hundreds swelled to thousands as each mail carried abroad more glowing accounts of the gold.

Yet this vast, toiling, striving multitude, who had thus planted themselves apart from mankind amid the wildernesses of nature, were destitute of everything. All the necessities of life had to be brought from distances as great as they themselves had passed. Even building materials for their towns and cities were a-wanting; and houses were imported from China, Chili, and the states on the Atlantic! Everything was to make, and little to make it with. Every man had to do for himself. From combats with the natives and combats with their fellows, to the feller attacks of agues and dysenteries, each one had to struggle through as he best could. Courage became a necessity; and amidst extravagant opulence, grew up (rare union!) the fearless energy of the desert. The individual energy and self-reliance thus generated are incalculable: no man in a civilized country can form an adequate conception of it, nothing in the history of colonization can parallel it. Men had no time to spend on the ordinary precautions of settlers: in all they did, it was neck or nothing—it was an absorbing, panting, furious race for gold. To all their difficulties was added want of time. A thousand things had to be done, and yet not a moment to spare from the search for wealth. Haste, breathless, haste unparalleled, was everywhere. He who paused to rest was left behind; he who looked around had the gold picked up from under his hands. Yet the men were equal to the emergency. Order was established in the midst of the

\* Even before gold was discovered, and the great immigration commenced, California seems to have possessed a strangely mixed population for so out-of-the-way a place. "Among the two hundred souls who inhabit Monterey," wrote Dapetit-Thouars in 1843, "there are Creoles sprung from Spaniards and the native women; strangers from all points of the globe—Scotch, Irish, American, French, who have taken wives from the half-breeds of whites; and those races are now crossed in such a way that the fusion is complete. The women of this class are of middle height, of a brownish complexion, have beautiful teeth, and magnificent black hair. They have a loquacious in their costume the European modes, modified by Spanish taste. The men have in general an air of distinction, [the artist, Ryan corroborates this, and says they are the finest-looking men he ever saw,] and they possess that regularity of features which belongs to the Spanish type." Then come the Indians, converted and unconverted—"These have repulsive figures, sooty complexion, hair black and sleek, prominent cheek-bones, and enormous mouths; and in regard to intelligence they are little above the brutes."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

† Some eight years ago, when the French frigate *Venus* (in the course of its voyage around the world) put into the port of Monterey, then the capital of California, they found the place "composed of forty or fifty whitewashed houses, veritable huts, covered with rushes and branches of trees. The frigate was in want of biscuit, and the country had to be laid under contribution: they went even to distant farms in search of flour, and after all could only procure an imperfect revictualment."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1843. This miserable state of things continued up to 1848.

\* One ship from the Sandwich Islands was left with no one but its captain on board; from another, the captain started with all his crew—replying to an observation on his flagrant conduct, that the cables and anchors would wear well till his return, and that as every one was too busy to think of plundering, he ran no risk by deserting his duty. The *Star* and *Californian* newspapers, published at San Francisco, ceased appearing, as the whole staff, from the editor to the errand-boy, had started for the "diggings;" and among the most active workers in the valley was the "Attorney-General to the King of the Sandwich Islands!"



most chaotic society that the world ever witnessed. Property was rendered secure, where thousands were needy and greedy, and hundreds loaded with gold. Without a government or laws, with neither a civil nor a military force, without even locks or bolts, nearly as much security to life and property was quickly obtained as in any part of the Union.\* Never was the energy of a people, and their capacity for self-government, so remarkably exemplified. And no wonder; for its elements were all drafted from states already highly civilized; and a larger proportion of its members had been trained to the pursuits of science, literature, and commerce, than in any other modern colony ever planted.

There is no such thing as Chance in the world; and the Supreme Wisdom which directs our destinies is apparent in the whole history of the New World, from the discovery of its shores by Columbus to the present revelation of the gold of California. Civilization can only grow up in a land of large cities and dense population; and as Europe was destined to be the seed-bed from which civilization was to be transplanted to the world's wildernesses, it behoved that the seas which girdled it should for long be impassable by its nations. But as soon as this ripening process was sufficiently advanced, and when commerce was crying for more gold and silver, and piety for a refuge from persecution, the heaven-sent dreams of Columbus opened up a new world which supplied both, and which offered a field where civilization might by-and-by spring up weeded from the corruptions which had grown with its growth in the old world. Ever since then, America has taken off the surplus and overboilings of European society, until of late emigration was beginning to raise a barrier against itself—even as the influx of a river into the sea raises a sandbar at its mouth to check its force. The states on the shores of the Atlantic became fully stocked, they required no more emigrants; and population had spread so far into the land that it now needed as much money to take one through the settled country to the backwoods as to convey them across the Atlantic. This obstacle was yearly increasing, when appalling famine and misery in our own land, and universal and horrible convulsions on the Continent, drove hundreds of thousands from their homes. America seemed barred against them; whither were they to flee? But lo! contemporaneously with all this misery in Europe, gold in unheard-of quantities is discovered on the shores of the Pacific, and thousands of the exiles and myriads from Eastern America flock eagerly and instantaneously to the golden land. And it is no passing passion, no empty delusion, which thus hurries them from their homes. At this moment the flood of emigration is still pouring westward to the land of promise; five thousand persons are weekly crossing the Isthmus of Darien. And thus Providence is rearing a new kingdom on the desert shores of the Pacific, and making room in the Atlantic States for the overflows of Europe. For it is to be remembered that the gold fever was felt even more in New York and the highly-civilized cities of the coast than in the interior; and a deficiency of men is now being felt in the Atlantic townships, while a want of the

gentler sex is the great evil on the shores of the Pacific.

All the colonies which the world has yet seen have commenced with agriculture and pasturage. The soil has been their first fountain of riches; the ground had to be long tilled, or herds innumerable covered the plains, ere wealth began to accumulate. In them money was scarce, as well as labor. A dollar goes further in the Bush than a guinea in London. Hence their advance in the scale of nations has been comparatively slow, especially as the widely-scattered population of an agricultural state is unfavorable to rapidity of social progress. But in California the reverse of all this has existed from the beginning. From the first hour of its existence as a civilized colony, money has been more plentiful there than in the oldest states in the world, and the wages of labor seem to belong rather to the tales of the Genii than to the sober chronicles of truth.\* Hence the greatest desideratum of a young colony is superabundantly supplied, and undertakings of every kind, plans of every magnitude, can be freely entered upon for the public good. The New Nation has been commercial from its birth. Its necessities and its gold have brought vessels from all countries to its shores; and the intelligence and restless activity of commercial men have supplanted the ordinary somnolence of agricultural settlers, and have marvellously accelerated the progress of a society which all circumstances are combining rapidly to mature. Two years have scarcely elapsed since tidings of the new Eldorado reached the Old World, but half a century seems to have rolled away in the interval. Then the land was a solitude; the noble bay of San Francisco lay untracked by a keel; the sound of its waters breaking on their lonely shores was nearly all it had heard of the world of man. Now an actual metropolis is reflected on its waters. Street after street of well-built houses, filled with an active and enterprising people, and exhibiting every mark of commercial prosperity, stretch to the summit of the surrounding hills, follow the windings of the shore from headland to headland, and sending back a long arm through a gap in the hills, builds its warehouses at the Golden Gate,† fronting the blue horizon of the Pacific. Lusty hotels, gay with verandahs and balconies, are seen in all quarters, replete with luxuries of high civilization; while the fashionable restaurants present daily their long bills of fare, rich with the choicest technicalities of the Parisian *cuisine*. Scarcely a day passes but some cluster of sails take their way through the Golden Gate, bound to all quarters of the world. "Like the magic seed of the Indian juggler, which grew, blossomed, and bore fruit before the eyes of the spectators, San Francisco seems to have accomplished in a day the growth of half a century."

The greatest characteristic of the inferior tribes of mankind is a want of vital energy—an inability to develop their powers, or advance in the career of civilization; they adhere to their habits and their homes with the lifeless tenacity of the limpet to its native rock. Just in proportion to the vital energy

\* Their greatest evil at present is the weakness of the executive power, but the organization of a civil force will soon render the central government sufficiently strong to preserve order and to enforce its commands.

\* It is to be recollected, however, that the high wages in California are not to be taken as a decisive proof of the people's prosperity, for it does not proceed from the mere plentifulness of money, but it is rendered necessary by the distance from which all the necessities of life have to be brought, and the consequent expense attending their importation.

† The entrance to the harbor of San Francisco.

of a people will be its eminence in the world's history. Although inferior to us in some of the generous emotions, and confining their views too much to material interests, the Anglo-Saxons in America surpass in restless energy even the far-famed energy of the British; but now the New Nation promises to outdo them in turn, to excel them in the very qualities wherein they themselves have excelled. It would be premature at present, when their society is still in a chaotic state, to pronounce sentence on the moral character of the future nation. It is to be hoped that when the awful hunger for gold shall have subsided, and a healthy calm shall have succeeded the present feverish passion for wealth and enjoyment, society, like a calming sea, will begin to reflect more of the image of Heaven; yet there is only too much reason to fear that human reason will predominate over the higher quality of faith, and that the wisdom of man will supplant the inspired dictates of Revelation. But in all the human qualities of our nature, they have already exhibited an energy and ability such as the world has never beheld. The wild chaotic elements of the nation have shown a remarkable affinity among themselves, and the people an aptitude unparalleled for becoming an organized state. Endurance and daring, shrewdness and versatility, will be the birthright of the future nation, for blood and circumstances have stamped those qualities on their fathers. A new world and a new ocean are open to its career; and both the configuration of the world around it, and the qualities of the men within it, seem to presage a brilliant destiny for the Empire of the West.

It is an astonishing progress that of the human race. The nations do not advance abreast, nor is the progress of each continuous. In early times we find one far ahead of the rest—the sole fountain of knowledge and civilization—drawing all others to its light, or conquering them by its arms. Nineveh and Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, rose in turn to the zenith; and as each “universal empire” arose, its predecessors were not only eclipsed, but they commenced a downward progress, which had degradation or barbarism for its terminus. Since the fall of ancient Rome, we have seen Italy under the Popes, Spain under the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, rise into the ascendant, and again fall back into apathy and impotence. After a long struggle, in which all civilized nations took part, we have recently seen England emerge first, and France second, from the strife for supremacy; but in the latter nation the national efflorescence seems already past, and in her brave but pleasure-seeking multitudes, the seeds of decay are paving the way for her successor, which may already be seen rising into colossal size amid the mists and snows of the North. The supremacy of France has ever been on land, and so also will be its successor's; the sea, the isles, and the New World are forever the heritage of the Anglo-Saxons. The firmest, the most glorious of empires cannot win for itself immortality. Long-continued prosperity in nations, as in individuals, saps the foundations of the higher qualities of our nature, and renders them no longer fit to be the leaders of human progress and civilization. It was this that utterly destroyed Babylonia, Persia and Egypt; it was this that prostrated the giant powers of Rome; it is this that will ever cause the leadership of nations to pass from one people to another to the end of time. It is a strange yet instructive subject of reflection, this rise and fall of empires.

There is no mystery about it—no Fate, as the old Greeks or the modern Atheists would say. Here, as in everything else, men are free agents, and reap the fruits of their actions. As long as a nation's religious principles can withstand the corrupting influence of long-continued success and artificial civilization, she has nothing to fear—the Shekinah will surround her still; but to do so immortally, alas! would be more than human. The black drop which Mahomet's good angel squeezed from his heart must first be expressed from those of the whole species.

It is a singular circumstance in the world's history, that, up to the present times, no great maritime or colonizing empire has ever existed on the shores of the Pacific. Possessing a length of seaboard far surpassing that of the Atlantic, and gemmed with isles of remarkable fertility, suitable alike for colonies or for entrepôts—the nations that people its shores, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Icy Sea, from the Straits of Behring to Cape Horn, have never carried the torch of knowledge to other isles or countries, never embarked an army on its waters. Never, even for the gains of commerce, spread their sails out of sight of land; never, even from the ports of China and Hindostan, where powerful empires have existed from the dawn of history—nor from Arabia, where, under Islamism, the most warlike and daring empire grew up that the world ever saw—nor from the opposite shores of Africa and America, where humanity, at least within the records of history, seems ever to have stagnated, has a nation sent forth its colonies to cultivate the isles, or an emperor sent his squadrons to capture them. The Isles of the Indian Archipelago, teeming with fruits and blossoms, floating like baskets of flowers amid the azure waters of the Pacific—a labyrinth of beauty, where the very tides die away in the colored shadows of gorgeous woods and sunlit mountain-peaks, and the waves languish away in the embrace of those lovely brides of the sea—those gorgeous islands where Cybele still sits crowned in the solitude, have never yet yielded their riches to civilized man. But the hand of Providence is bringing a new race to the shores of that solitary sea. England, the Queen of the Seas, the great colonizer of the earth, has within the last century built up an empire in Hindostan, as wonderful as if it had been the work of Eastern genii; still more recently it has poured the benefits of civilization and the gigantic powers of the Anglo-Saxon race into the Australian world, and, within half the lifetime of man, has reared a British empire at the Antipodes. But yesterday the enterprise of an individual has penetrated the wilderness of Borneo, cleared its seas of their infesting pirates, placed himself on the throne of Sarawak, and reared, in the very heart of Paganism, a temple to the God of the Christians. These are glorious exploits for England; no other nation can parallel them even in miniature: they have given immortality to her renown, and she will be honored as parent by half the world to the end of time. What a destiny! It seems to crown her with a glory higher than earth could bestow.

But if from the realms of Australia we turn our eyes to the north, the curtain is seen rising upon a new nation; and from the shores of California the Anglo-Saxon race is already spreading out to meet its brethren from the south. How sublime that meeting in the heart of the Pacific! Setting out from a little island in the German Ocean, the

children of England have fought their way through wilderness and over mountain, through hordes of savage men, and across the tempests of ocean; they have spanned the world in their march; they have travelled from the lands of the rising to the home of the setting sun; and now, in triumph and in joy, reunite amid the solitude of the Indian seas. What a theme for the poet! Since the dispersion of Babel, no such meeting has earth witnessed. It is the *denouement* of an epic—of an epic recounting the war between Man and Nature, and ending with seating him in her last asylum.

The country in which the New Nation is growing up is a region extending at present\* for 500 miles along the shores of the Pacific, and stretching 150 miles inland, from the sea to the summit of the Sierra Nevada. The ground of the maritime district slopes gradually up to a chain of mountains called the Coast Range, which run from north to south, dividing the region into two nearly equal parts. Between the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada lies a long valley some fifty miles in width. Through the upper part of this valley flows the Sacramento river, which, taking its rise in the northern extremity of California, flows southward for 250 miles, and forms a junction with the San Joaquin, which flows an equal distance from the opposite quarter; and, thus united, they force a passage through the Coast Range to the sea. This vast valley has evidently been at some remote period the bed of a lake. Its soil is very rich, and permeated by numerous streams from the Sierra; and with a proper system of draining and embankment, it would undoubtedly be capable of producing every crop, except sugar-cane, now cultivated in the Atlantic States of the Union, and will by-and-by support a numerous population. Its climate, as well as its soil, is the best in California. To the east of this valley rise the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, which are some twenty miles in breadth, and stretch away to the base of the great Snowy chain. These foot-hills are the Gold Region. It is in the ravines and water-courses which intersect them that 100,000 men are now eagerly engaged in the hunt for gold. The maritime district, the land between the Coast Range and the sea, possesses good soil, but is at present almost barren for want of water.

From the amenity and beauty of its climate, California has been styled the "New Italy." "Stretching along the mild coast of the Pacific," says Colonel Fremont, in his report to Congress, "with a general elevation of its plains and valleys of only a few feet above the level of the sea, and backed by the long and lofty wall of the Sierra, mildness, and geniality may be assumed to be the characteristics of its climate. The inhabitants of the corresponding latitudes on the Atlantic side of the Continent can with difficulty imagine the soft air and southern productions under the same latitudes in the maritime region of Upper California. The singular beauty and purity of the sky in the south of this region, is characterized by

\* We say *at present*, because ere long their territory will be enlarged. As soon as all the "placers" are occupied, and the quantity of gold diminishes, the fresh comers from the Old States will, in defiance of all authority, foray southwards—the more especially as the Spanish half of California is also thought to be rich in mines. "From the accounts of Lieutenant Buffam," says Sir R. Murchison, "it seems probable that the mountains of the lower province will prove as conspicuously rich in silver and copper as those of Upper California have been in gold."

Humboldt as a rare phenomenon, and all travellers realize the truth of the description." Complaints of the climate are sometimes made by emigrants, but it is its novelty, not its inferiority, that discontents them. "It is so unlike that from which they come," says Mr. Taylor, "that they cannot readily appreciate its advantages, or become reconciled to its extremes of dry and wet." A Californian would be as much surprised, he adds, that people could live through the winter of New England "as any immigrant ever has been at what he has seen or felt in California." In one respect, California, like all the rest of the region lying to the west of the Andes and Rocky Mountains, differs widely from the country to the eastward of them. When the first emigrants landed on the Atlantic shores of America they found the whole country over-spread with luxuriant forests, and the soil covered with rich mould, the accumulation of decaying foliage through untold centuries. But in California forests are a-wanting, fire-wood is scarce, and the timber for houses, &c., is all imported; while the unprotected soil, though of good fertility, is alternately baked by the sun heat, or washed away by the hurricanes and deluging rains of the wet season. "West of the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, the forests of California are limited to some scattering groves of oak in the valleys and along the borders of the streams, and of red wood on the ridges and in the gorges of the hills, sometimes extending into the plains. Some of the hills are covered with dwarf shrubs, which may be used as fuel; but, with these exceptions, the whole territory presents a surface without trees or shrubbery." This deficiency of wood in California, as well as that on the Eastern Prairies, has been ingeniously enough ascribed to the growth of long dry grass which overspreads the country, and which, easily taking fire, would envelop the woods with flame, and thus destroy them. But the effect is rather to be attributed to some primary disposition of nature, aided by the constant havoc made by the Indians in procuring fuel and logs for their huts; for if forests had been there, the prairie-grass could not.

Let us endeavor now to form, from scattered passages in Mr. Taylor's work, some idea of the social condition of the New Nation, and to present some characteristic scenes from the every-day life of the people. When the first influx of population took place, he says—

Society was for the time cast into new forms, or rather deprived of any fixed form. A man, on coming to California, could no more expect to retain his old nature unchanged, than he could retain in his lungs the air he had inhaled on the Atlantic shore. The most immoderate and striking change which came upon the immigrants, was an increase of activity, and proportionately, of recklessness and daring spirit. \* \* \* Men were not troubled with the ups and downs of business, when it was so easy for one of any enterprise to recover his foothold. If a person lost his all, he was perfectly indifferent; two weeks of hard work gave him enough to start on, and two months, with the usual luck, quite reinstated him. \* \* \* There was something exceedingly hearty, cordial, and encouraging in the character of social intercourse. \* \* \* The most common excesses into which Californians run are drinking and gambling. \* \* \* To give the gambling community their due, their conduct was much more orderly and respectable than it is wont to be in other countries.(?) This, however, is not so much a merit of their own possessing, as the effect of a strong public sentiment in favor of preserving

order. \* \* \* There were hundreds of monte and faro tables, which were crowded nightly till a late hour, and where the most inveterate excess of gaming might be witnessed; and this at a time when the population of San Francisco was only estimated at fifteen thousand! \* \* \* Hundreds of instances might be adduced to show that the worst passions of our nature were speedily developed in the air of California; but the one grand lesson of the settlement and organization of the country is of a character that ennobles the race. \* \* \* After what has been said it will appear natural that California should be the most democratic country in the world. A man who would consider his fellow beneath him, on account of his appearance or occupation, would have some difficulty in living peaceably in California. The security of the country is owing, in no small degree, to the plain, practical development of what the French reverence as an abstraction under the name of *Fraternité*. To sum up all in three words—LABOR IS RESPECTABLE.

The almost total absence of females in California has proved, and will prove for some years to come, very injurious to society, and to individual morality. *Home*—that bundle of sweet ties, so deservedly dear to all mankind—is a word unknown in its true sense in California. Home there, as yet, has no attraction; the purifying and restraining ties of the family circle have no existence. The roof-tree covers no hallowed precincts; the house is a needful but unloved shelter from the storm, or a depot for merchandise; and its male inmate spends all his leisure in places of public resort. Moreover, the innocent or humanizing amusements of old countries are yet in their infancy, or altogether unknown; and as men will have relaxation of some kind, the Californians seek it in the saloons of the hotels, or in the noisome heated atmosphere and motley groups that surround the faro-table, in drinking and gambling. No greater blessing to the morals, as well as to the comforts of the rising state could be desired, than the introduction into that male nation of an adequate proportion of the gentler sex. The New Nation, in regard to their social ties, are in the rough unsettled state of the Romans under Romulus, and no second Rape of the Sabines is possible to relieve them from their dilemma:—

**LIFE AT THE MINES.**—It would have been an interesting study for a philosopher to note the different effects which sudden enrichment produced upon different persons, especially those whose lives had previously been passed in the midst of poverty and privation. The most profound scholar in human nature might here have learned something which all his previous wisdom and experience could never teach. It was not precisely the development of new qualities in the man, but the exhibition of changes and contrasts of character, unexpected and almost unaccountable. The world-old moral of gold was completely falsified. (?) Those who were unused to labor, whose daily ounce or two seemed a poor recompense for weary muscles and flagging spirits, might carefully hoard their gains; but those whose hardy fibre grappled with the tough earth as naturally as if it knew no fitter play, and made the coarse gravel and rocky strata yield up their precious grains, were as profuse as princes, and as open-hearted as philanthropists. Weatherbeaten tars, wiry delving Irishmen, and stalwart foresters from the wilds of Missouri, became a race of Sybarites and Epicureans. Secure in possessing the *Open Sesame* to the exhaustless treasury under their feet, they gave free rein to every whim or impulse which could possibly be gratified. \* \* \* It was frequently remarked that the Oregonians, though accustomed all their lives to the most simple, solid,

and temperate fare, went beyond every other class of miners in their fondness for champagne, and all kinds of cordials and choice liquors.

We do not know what "world-old moral of gold" Mr. Taylor refers to; but certainly that pretty ancient one, beginning, "Set a beggar on horseback," receives remarkable corroboration from his narrative. The only class who were provident of their gains, as he tells us, were those "unused to labor"—that is to say, persons who had formerly been in good circumstances, and who had therein learned self-restraint. The Indian savage, to whom luxury in any shape is a stranger, will drink himself to death beside a broached barrel of "fire-water;" while a gentleman, whose cellar is stocked with the choicest wines, would feel himself degraded by the slightest excess:—

At the mines, (he says, and the sentence which we have italicized is worthy of attention, as it points out the main cause of the New Nation's ability in forming itself into an organized state,) I found plenty of men who were not outwardly distinguishable from the inveterate trapper or mountaineer, but who, a year before, had been patientless physicians, briefless lawyers, and half-starved editors. *It was this infusion of intelligence which gave the gold-hunting communities, notwithstanding their barbaric exterior and mode of life, an order and individual security which at first sight seemed little less than marvellous.*

Strange characters and adventures were to be met with there:—

One of the most amusing cases I saw was that of a company of Englishmen from New South Wales, who had been on the Mokelumne about a week at the time of my visit. They had only landed in California two weeks previous, and this was their first experience of gold-digging. One of them, a tall, strong-limbed fellow, who had served seven years as a private of cavalry, was unceasing in his exclamations of wonder and delight. "This is a great country!" he would exclaim. "Here a man can dig up as much gold in a day as he ever saw in all his life. Haven't I got already more than I know what to do with, an I've only been here a week? An' to think 'at I come with never a single farthing in my pocket! An' the Frenchman down the hill there, him 'at sells wittles, he would n't trust me for a piece of bread—the devil take him! 'If ye've no money, go an' dig some,' says he; 'people dig here o' Sundays all the same.' 'I'll dig o' Sundays for no man, ye bloody villain!' says I; 'I'll starve first.' An' I did n't—an' I had a hungry belly too. But 'o Monday I dug nineteen dollars, an' 'o Tuesday twenty-three, an' 'o Friday two hundred an' eighty-two dollars, in one lump as big as your fist; an' all for not working on Sundays. Was there ever such a country in the world!"

The simple-hearted fellow "repeated his story from morning to night," says Mr. Taylor, "and, in the fulness of his heart, communicated it to every new face he saw." We fear his tale would be told to deaf ears. In California "men dig on Sundays all the same." In their greed for the gains and the pleasures of the world, they have no time to give to heaven. They take their blessings as if they owed them to no one but their own right hand. It is a pitiful wisdom, it is a short-sighted reason, that does this. There is nothing either in heaven or on earth that human scepticism will not cavil at, and we are all too prone to disbelieve whatever goes against our desires. But though men may differ as to what day of the week the Sabbath should be held on, or as to the exact degree of strictness with



which it should be kept—that its observance is decreed in the words of Revelation was never for a moment doubtful to any one who was willing to give one day in seven to the service of his Maker, and the preparation for the life to come. In the many works published on California, we have been unable to discover any mention of a respect for the Sabbath among its people; and although San Francisco contained some fifty thousand inhabitants last spring, the building of a church (so far as we can discover) has never been thought of.

We have already alluded to the energy of the people, and the remarkable growth of San Francisco, and we now quote from Mr. Taylor's remarks on this subject:—

Every new comer in San Francisco, (says he,) is overtaken with a sense of complete bewilderment. The mind, however it may be prepared for an astonishing condition of affairs, cannot immediately push aside its old instincts of value and ideas of business, letting all past experiences go for nothing, and casting all its faculties into action, intercourse with its fellows, or advancement in any path of ambition, and into shapes of which it never before imagined. As in the turn of the Dissolving Views, there is a period when the scene wears neither the old nor the new phase, but the vanishing images of the one and the growing perceptions of the other are blended in painful and misty confusion, so one knows not whether he is awake or in some wonderful dream. Never have I had so much difficulty in establishing satisfactorily to my own senses the reality of what I saw and heard.

Verily the place was in itself a marvel! (he exclaims three weeks later.) To say that it was daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable, after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country which imported both lumber and houses, and where labor was ten dollars a-day (and in a town with only twenty thousand inhabitants) is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a readymade house is put up and inhabited strikes the stranger in San Francisco as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll—the next morning a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping—two or three days afterwards, a row of store-houses, staring him in the face, intercepts the view.

In December, 1849, he tells us in another place, a fire broke out in San Francisco by which—

Twenty-five houses were burnt, and nearly an acre of ground laid bare. In a week after, such was the extraordinary energy of the sufferers, that the site was already half covered with houses built and building. While the fire was still burning, one of the parties, who had lost most heavily by the conflagration, bargained for and purchased lumber to rebuild his house; and before six o'clock the same evening, he had concluded and signed a contract with a builder to reconstruct his house in sixteen days, under a penalty.

The gold region of California embraces the extensive range of hills which rise on the eastern side of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and which extend inland to the base of the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada. They are intersected by rivers, running from east to west, at irregular distances of from twenty to thirty miles apart; and it is in the beds of some of these streams, and in the dry-ravines (or "gulches") of the mountains, that the gold has hitherto been found. There the precious ore exists in flakes or spangles, infinitely more abundant than in any other known gold tract in the world. And as if to facilitate the collection of her golden treas-

ures, nature has placed, almost in close vicinity, mines of quicksilver. In order to show the value of this metal as a collector of the golden dust, we may mention that a heap of refuse earth left by the common *rocker*, (i. e., machine for washing gold from the soil,) after ten thousand dollars had been washed from it, yielded another thousand to a rocker in which quicksilver was used. When the quicksilver mines are once in full operation, the present high price of this metal will be much reduced, its use will become universal at the "diggings," and the annual golden harvest be greatly increased.

Many writers have not hesitated to predict, from the seemingly enormous mass of gold which California contains, a complete revolution in the present monetary system of the world; but such views, if not altogether groundless, are at least very much exaggerated. There are two opinions generally entertained in regard to the future produce of this gold region, which, however well-founded they may appear to the public in general, receive no countenance from men of science. The first of these is, that as all (?) the rivers of the district furnish gold, therefore the whole mountainous district through which these rivers flow (some four hundred or five hundred miles in length) is equally rich in the precious ore:—

We must protest against the inference, (says an able geologist, in noticing Mr. Lyman's opinion on this subject,) that all these "many hundreds of miles" are as richly auriferous as the tract which he really explored and ably describes. As well might we take the northernmost of the works on the eastern flank on the Ural beyond Petropavlosk, and the southernmost on the Tashian, and say, that throughout a mountainous region, having a width varying from two to three degrees of longitude, and a length of nine degrees of latitude, gold was actively worked; the truth being, that gold has only been found to be worth the cost of extraction at about ten very limited localities in all that Uralian chain, six hundred miles in length.

The more enthusiastic speculators on this subject suffer themselves, at times, to lose sight of the reality. In the words of one of Ryan's comrades, "they forget how far they may go before they come to what we miners call a *likely place*." Moreover, Mr. Lyman himself, in attempting to trace the gold to its native rocks, found plenty of quartz vein-stones, but could detect little or no gold in them. In fact, the whole chain of the Andes and Rocky Mountains, from north to south, is essentially composed of the same rocks, yet it is *only at intervals*, few and far between, that the detritus on its flanks is found to be auriferous.

The next opinion is, that upon the introduction of science into California, and the formation of companies, deep mines will be opened in all directions, and an inexhaustible store of gold thus opened up. Now, in the whole history of gold-seeking, *no deep mines have ever succeeded*; and the result of the Spaniards' experiments in the solid rock has been handed down to us in their proverb, that "he who mines for gold will be ruined." Gold—which, in the form of lumps, threads, and flakes, is found chiefly in veins of quartz intersecting the Primary or Palæozoic group of rocks—is always most abundant near the surface. Unlike all other ores, it has been found to diminish in quantity as the veins recede from the surface; or to be diffused in such minute and separate threads in the hard rocks, as to render its extraction well-nigh, if not quite, ruinous. The

whole history of gold mining, whether practised by Spanish, English, or Russian companies, proves this remarkable fact beyond a doubt. This peculiar distribution of the ore explains why the greatest quantities of gold dust, and the largest lumps of gold, should be constantly found in rubbish, gravel, sand, or clayey beds; for as the *cream* of the ore is contained in the upper portions of rocks, and as all the earth's surface has undergone great abrasion and wearing away, so the greatest quantity of the gold cannot now be found in its native rock, but in the alluvial drift or debris derived from the *former* surfaces of the auriferous vein-stones. Deep mines, we repeat, have never succeeded. So hard is the rock in which gold is originally imbedded, and so minute and so diffused are the filaments of the ore, that it is only by means of this gradual abrasion, or when Providence, through the grand operations of nature, shatters the masses of auriferous mountains that the precious metal becomes available to the use of man. This was strongly exemplified some two centuries ago, among the Andes of Bolivia, where "the lightning, having struck the projecting point of a great quartz-vein, and shivered the mountain-side into fragments, spread out in the detritus a considerable local supply of gold, which all man's engineering capacity would never have enabled him to obtain except with enormous loss."

A natural but important effect of this superficial distribution of gold is apparent in history; for while the gold tracts worked by the ancients in the Spanish Peninsula, and the many other places in the Old World once known to be auriferous, are long since exhausted, the old silver mines of Spain, being reopened at greater depths, and with increased skill, are at this moment eminently productive. And in like manner the silver mines of South America, says Humboldt, so far from being exhausted, are likely to prove more productive than ever, if ordinary skill were applied to them. California certainly contains gold in greater quantity than any other place with which we are acquainted; and as the whole powers of modern science will be applied to the extraction of the ore, it is probable that *mining* may succeed there better than it had done elsewhere; but it is equally certain that the ravines and water-courses will ever continue to supply the ore in the greatest abundance and most profitably. It must, moreover, be remembered, that if California be the richest of all known gold regions, it is also the most numerous and energetically worked; and there cannot be a doubt that, though the country may long continue to yield gold in small quantities, the precious metal will soon be so much exhausted as to offer no inducement for continued immigration, and the great mass of the people must by-and-by have recourse, as in other countries, to the pursuits of commerce and of agriculture. The Age of Gold will be a short one in California, as it has been everywhere else; but it will not pass away until its mission is accomplished. And that mission is, to overcome the obstacles of nature, to assemble an energetic and remarkable people on the distant shores of the Pacific, and to found, in a locality of all others most advantageous for it, an Anglo-Saxon Empire of the West.

If, from the absence of wood, the soil of California be too much exposed to the great heats of the dry, and to the hurricanes of the wet season, it has at least this advantage, that the labor required in most of the old states to fell the forests and clear the ground for seed, is here unnecessary; and as

soon as the diggings cease to be very productive, and prices in consequence fall, the more fertile districts will begin to be cultivated. But the spirit of the people (though singularly versatile) is not agricultural; too much restlessness, it seems to us, mingles with their energy, to let them settle quietly down to the culture of the soil. Look at them in the mines of the mountains—at the *monté* and *faro* tables in the towns. They would leap at wealth with a bound; they will endure anything, risk anything, to be rich at once. They would rather stake their all on a dashing venture than make success certain by a slow and cautious advance. This is the spirit of commerce, with its risks and prizes—not of agriculture. Look at their love of speculation, and the shrewdness with which they speculate—at the rapidity and boldness of their calculations, and the vigor with which they carry them into effect. There is not a man in the country but what is a knowing hand at a bargain, and a ready-reckoner of chances. All this shrewdness and bold enterprise would be lost in the calm pursuits of agriculture. The spirit of the people is in unison with the natural destinies of the country; both the men and the circumstances show that the career of California will be eminently commercial. In agriculture she will be surpassed by many states which possess not only a superior soil, but in which, from the comparative scarcity of money, the labors of culture can be had far more cheaply. The rich alluvial flats of the basin of the Mississippi will for long pour their cereal stores across the Isthmus of Panama into the Californian ports; until by-and-by the thousand isles of the Pacific—if possible, still more prolific, where land is still cheaper, and whence the transit to the Golden Land is shorter and easier—will render all such supplies from eastern America superfluous. Yes; whatever may be the fertility of California, her career will be commercial. The prolificness of the Libyan plains, the granary of the ancient world, could not tempt Carthage from her destiny, though it wonderfully assisted her in her glorious career. And here a mightier destiny is awaiting the new nation than ever the sons of Hanno dreamt of; a prospect before which the glories of Tyre and of Carthage sink into insignificance. Not even the magnificent harbor of the Golden Horn, in which security, depth, and expanse are combined, can rival the peerless landlocked Bay of San Francisco. How shall we describe it! You are sailing along the high coast of California, when suddenly a gap is seen, as if the rocks had been rent asunder; you leave the open ocean, and enter the strait. The mountains tower so high on either hand, that it seems but a stone's throw from your vessel to the shore, though in reality it is a mile. Slowly advancing, an hour's sail brings you to where the strait grows still narrower; and lo! before you, rising from the very middle of the waters, a steep rock towers aloft like a giant warder of the strait. Were that rock but fortified, not all the fleets in the world could force the passage. You gaze back on the grim rock as you emerge from its shadows; and so landlocked does the scene appear, that you could fancy the mountains had fallen in since you passed, and blocked up forever your path to the ocean. You turn to look ahead, and lo! a scene as wonderful again lies before you. You are in an inland sea!—you are in Francisco Bay. To your right lies the Golden City—at a distance in front rise the steep shores, and all round you an expanse of water—a lake for calmness, a sea for

extent—in which the fleets of the world might ride at anchor. San Francisco will be the entrepôt of nations, the emporium of the East and West. High prices, and the absorption of the people in gold-seeking, will long cause it to import everything, and the deficiency of wood and the want of coal will impede anything like manufactures; even her ships will for long be built in the harbors of the Atlantic. But her merchants will be the brokers, her halls the exchange, of the Pacific. Turn to the map, and you will see the rare advantages of her position. The whole Pacific, with its countless isles, lies open to her enterprise; the Australian continent, and the realms of Hindostan will reciprocate her commerce; and the Golden Gate fronts the harbor of Canton and the mouth of the Yangtze-Kiang, the great artery of Chinese traffic. Instead of the tedious route by the Cape of Good Hope, steam-vessels from California will carry the produce of China, India, and the Isles, to the Isthmus of Darien, and shorten by a half the voyage to Europe and Eastern America. The very winds and currents combine to favor the new region, and a vessel from Cape Horn, says Mr. King, by keeping well out to sea, will arrive sooner at San Francisco than at the intermediate ports on the South American coast.

This is no common fortune for the new nation. Even in ancient times the traffic of the East, the caravan which struggled through the Syrian deserts, was able to raise princely cities in its path. In the heart of the desert, amid the solitudes of a sandy sea, it reared the mighty structures, the beautiful columns and palaces of queenly Palmyra—and built at the now deserted fountain-heads of the Leontes, as a halting-place for caravans between the rocky chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the still wonderful edifices of ruined Balbek. Egypt, Byzantium, Venice, since then, have grown rich upon the commerce of the East; and the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, tedious and perilous though that periphus be, for long poured wealth into the coffers of the Dutch, and made the merchants of Amsterdam the bankers of the world. Almost in our own day, a partial monopoly of that trade has raised a company of English merchants to be the lords of Hindostan. In less than a century they have fought their way to supreme dominion, and now rule paramount from the Himalayas to the sea. They have done their mission quickly, energetically, like men who feel they have an arduous task to accomplish in a short day. They have not slumbered a moment, and events now show that they had not a moment to slumber. They have placed themselves erect on the throne of Hindostan, and now are able to stand there alone. It is well; for a new power, as energetic, destined to be far more numerous, is now settling on the opposite shore of the Pacific—a power which will traffic with the strong, but supplant the weak and indolent. It is well; for the trade of China is passing from their hands. It is well; for the navy of England, their nurse and guardian, will ere long be over-matched in the Eastern seas. The commerce of China and the isles will flow across the Isthmus of Darien; part of the Australian trade, and nearly all that of India which cannot find its way through Egypt, will follow the same track. The merchantmen of California will transport the goods to Panama, and the navy of America and England will convey them from the isthmus to the shores of Europe.

It is a restless race that is growing up in California; and again we say it is well that the English

colonies in the Pacific can now stand alone.\* The course of nature must, ere long, alter their political relations to their mother-country; but let not the tie of blood, of old associations, of a common heritage of glory, be dissevered among themselves. Let them stand together. Let India hold fast by Chusan and Sarawak; let New Zealand and Australia be twins in heart as they are in position, and stretch out the hand of fellowship to their brethren in the north, and no power on land or sea can prevail against them. It is not in war that their brotherhood need be tested. Let them work into each other's hands in peace—let a fraternal spirit and a community of interest prevail amongst them, and that is enough. It is no great warlike power that is arising in California. It will be a strong state, jealous of its rights, and making itself everywhere respected; but it will be no fighter. It will be a second Carthage, without another Rome. The commercial spirit is ever averse to war; it is impatient of taxation, and never fights but for profits. But let us say more than this. Whatever be the cause—whether from its thin population and its distance from the contagion of European strife, or from a view to its worldly interests, or from a calm wisdom in its people, or what you will—it cannot be denied that a pacific policy predominates in the northern half of the New World. Europe, with its dense and heterogeneous population, has been the great seat of warlike ambition, where civilized states have been clashing against each other for two thousand years; but the wide Atlantic severs that camp from the Anglo-Saxons in America; and now, still more, the lofty chain of the Cordilleras rises, like a rampart of peace, to shut out from the Pacific shores the sounds and turmoil of a warring world. Peaceful at heart, no military rival will force it into the career of arms. Yet it will crush, without compunction, all loiterers in its path; as it grows, it will absorb or push out the few tribes, Indian or Spanish, who lie dozing in its way. Yet this will not disturb its pacific pursuits; itself so great, the scattered tribes so few and so feeble, there is no room for a contest between them. The advance is unavoidable, and we believe that it will be made in a worthy spirit. Whether their neighbors be effete Europeans, half-breeds, or the untutored savage of the forest and the isles, moderation, we doubt not, will characterize the expansion of the Californians. They will take without scruple unoccupied lands, they will grasp with avidity at the hitherto unopened mines; but they will wring no plunder from individuals—the natives may still sit in peace beneath their vine and their fig-tree. Such, we hopefully believe, will be the advance of the new nation, and such an advance is unavoidable. The elephant lifts the slumbering child from its path, yet thousands of insects he unknowingly crushes beneath his tread, unknowingly and unavoidably. The horse, made for motion, cannot stand still till every emmet has passed by, till every tiny worm has hid itself from his hoofs. He must go on, even though creatures with life as good as he are trodden into dust. This is not the wanton cruelty of strength—it is the order of nature; the mission of the inferior must give way before his superior. Far from us be the palliation

[\* Fear not, O Uncle John! Rather look forward fifty years, when these United States will number one hundred millions, and when all the Anglo-Saxon race, in their island home, and in all the colonies, shall be united with us in unbreakable bonds of peace and reconciled brotherhood.—*Lie. Age.*]

of inhumanity! In our teaching, as in our heart, we would uphold the spirit of fraternal love to all, and proclaim in the politics of nations, as in the affairs of private life, that all men are equal before God, and that we should "do to others as we would be done by." But the laws of Providence must be overturned ere indolence can keep its ground before industry, ere barbarism can permanently impede the path of civilization. Had the forest and the swamp remained unreclaimed, in order that the Indian or the Hottentot might continue to hunt the buffalo or bask their lazy carcasses in the sun, many a now fertile and peopled region would still have been a wilderness, and civilization might have shared the fate of the overscrupulous Brahmin, who died of thirst, lest, by drinking, he should destroy the animalcular life which the microscope revealed to him.

When Vasco Nunez de Balboa reached for the first time the lone summit of the Cordilleras, and looked, as it were, over the world's edge upon the circumambient waters, he seemed in truth to have reached the final barrier to the journeyings of humanity. He little thought that over those blue depths would come barks from a thousand isles in that new-found ocean; and that the fair-haired sons of England, after girdling the earth in their course, would return over those wide waters to their island-home; and that the shores of that *Finisterre* would echo with the joyful sounds of the homeward-bound. He little thought that the pathless jungle and the primeval forest that towered overhead would one day become the highway of nations; that there, as at a half-way house, would meet the nations of the East and West, and that the bustle of commerce and the roar of the steam-engine would arise where he heard only the scream of the wild forest-bird. Yet such, in reality, will soon be the case. Railroads and canals will speedily unite the Atlantic to the Pacific; and a few hours' journey will supersede the tedious voyage by the southern capes.

Before concluding, we would advert for a moment to an error in our colonial policy, which now more than ever it behoves us to redeem. The aspect of the future tells us that we have but a few years—a very few years, in which remedy will be possible. If half the world's commerce is to flow across the Isthmus of Panama and through the Mexican Gulf, as most assuredly it soon will, of what immense value will our West Indian islands be! They lie in the very highway of the world's commerce, and their possessors will intercept, not in war but in peace, a percentage of the wealth that flows past them. No nation but the Americans will ever permanently hold possession of the Isthmus; a foreign power would be crushed out of it, if not by valor, at least by the force of numbers. But our islands in the Gulf we can hold against the world, as long as we maintain our maritime supremacy. A sudden descent might, indeed, wrest some one from us, but with a peerless navy we could recover it in six weeks, though the whole shores of the Gulf, from Cape Florida to the mouths of the Orinoco, were bristling with bayonets. These islands we have, and these islands we can hold; and we doubt if their value be much inferior to that of the Isthmus itself. The eastern harbors of the Isthmus either open to the sea, too shallow for ocean-ships, or rendered incommensurable and dangerous by bars at their entrance—what are they, either in number or quality, to the noble havens of the adjoining islands? When we consider this, and the many advantages which these islands possess

for shelter and refitting, who can doubt that of the princely argosies engaged in the Darien trade, a large portion will rendezvous in their harbors? Look at Jamaica—in the very van of the islands—moored directly opposite the entrance to the future Nicaragua Canal, as if it had risen from the deep on purpose to supplement the deficiencies of the mainland. The Isthmus is at present little better than a desert; and however rapid may be its rise—and rapid it will be, under the impetus of Californian gold—still the islands have far the start of it. Their ports and quays, docks and warehouses, are ready—those on the Isthmus are all to make; their fields are cultivated, their soil productive—the Isthmus is a mountain, and its sides a wilderness.

Such, briefly, are the advantages of our West Indian islands; and what, for the last eighteen years, have we been doing with them? Ruining them. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*," is the sole explanation of our conduct. There was once a time when, amidst a Titanic war, when Britain stood alone against the world in arms, every colony stood fast by our side, and even the hostile settlements sighed for the flag of England; but now-a-days ruin has come upon them in the bosom of peace, and made them speak in very bitterness of heart of separation from the empire that nursed them. Amid a thousand cries of distress and reproach from our colonies, once the very pride of the empire, and which must ever be the mainstay of its supremacy, ministers sit unheeding—or, if pushed to the wall, give the sufferers—what? *Constitutions!* As well give to a dying man, for sole medicine, a treatise on gymnastics! Brethren are suffering, and we will not hear them; a jewel is in our hands, and we fling it away. That the immense future importance of these islands is already apparent to the sharp-witted Americans, is beyond a doubt; and it is at this, the very turning-point of their fortunes, that the first grasp at them has been made. Spain is powerless, and, but for the power of Britain and the dread of her navy, Cuba would probably have fallen ere now beneath the stealthy attacks of American brigands. Commercial nations, like the Americans, we can say, are not fighters, but they are intensely greedy. There is a constant craving in that people for "annexation;" and the toast of the three C's\* comes from the very heart of the nation. They will not touch a state that can defend itself, for that would be outlay without profits; but woe to those who have much to lose, and little to defend it with! The effete and the sluggard are in an especial manner the objects of their aggression; for they condemn such as cumberers of a soil that industry could make prolific, and of kingdoms that energy and civilization could make great. The harbors and the fertility of the West Indian islands are already sorely trying the national honesty, and from year to year the temptation will increase. The Spanish States on the mainland are crumbling before them; they are rushing from all quarters to the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and ere long they will plunge from its banks to reach the pearls amid its waters. England and America united could dare the whole world in arms, from the coasts of China to the Straits of Gibraltar.† With her noble navy joined to ours, not a foe can hold

\*The Three C's, viz.—Canada, Cuba, and California.

† Yes, and we could induce all the world to keep the peace. Who will rise up in the place of Sir Robert Peel, and aim for this great object?—*Liv. Age.*



set foot on our shores; nay, we could sweep all other flags from the ocean. Of all political relations, our amity with America is the most earnestly to be desired; and, believe us, no course of conduct will be more preservative of peace, than just our taking care of our own possessions, and giving no temptation to our allies' cupidity.

Such are some of the reflections which have suggested themselves to us while contemplating the birth of the Californian nation. Not unacquainted with the past history of empires, we have endeavored, after a careful scrutiny of its present signs, to look with however feeble an eye into the future, and to exhibit in their embryo the seeds of future greatness; and have sought to place broadly and simply before our readers the main features of our subject. It is a subject interesting alike to the philosopher and to the politician—to the man of the world, and to the student in his closet; and we regret that our space and our talents are not more fitted to do justice to so important a theme.

From the Daily Advertiser.

#### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

Potsdam, June 19th, 1850.

You can hardly doubt the great respect, nay, I may say the amazement, which I feel at the rapid progress which has been made in the United States during the last eight or ten years. I refer to the works in history and literature of Prescott and Ticknor;\* on geography, by Fremont and Emory; and the discoveries in practical astronomy, made with princely instruments, by Maury, Gillis, Bond and Gould. You can scarcely doubt the lively interest I feel in this matter, when you remember that my great age furnishes me with points of comparison from the time of Jefferson. At that time I found those great statesmen of imperishable glory, the founders of the free constitution. But anything of a scientific nature, which we now see developed there, was then only in the embryonic state. Yes, one was inclined to doubt, and certainly not without reason, whether republican governments from their very nature were not hostile to the active promotion of scientific undertakings. The interesting expedition of the meritorious Lieut. Gillis to Chili, shows in the object aimed at, what protection the government affords to science, even when it does not immediately offer results with any direct practical value. The settlements of the western coasts, though brought about by circumstances which often, alas, remind one of the old Spanish Conquista, will lead to consequences of great importance on the affairs of the world.

For a long time I have maintained, on account of the situation of the waters, the course of the winds, the configuration of the land, and the antiquity of civilization, that the proper strength of the tropical part of America lay, not in the eastern coasts, but on the side towards Asia. But may the States which are constantly being formed to the west of the Rocky Mountains be free from the evil [Unheil] of Slavery.

\* George Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, in three volumes, is a masterly work; besides, Europe has scarcely a single historian that can compare with William Prescott in purity and dignity of style. Several years ago I was present and saw with what high respect the first appearance of Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella was welcomed in Holland House.

I beg you to express to Lieut. Maury, the author of the beautiful chart of the winds and currents, prepared with so much care and profound learning, my hearty gratitude and esteem. It is a great undertaking, equally important to the practical navigator and for the advance of meteorology in general. It has been viewed in this light, in Germany, by all persons who have a taste for physical geography. In an analogous way, anything of isothermal countries (countries of equal annual temperature) has for the first time become really fruitful. Since Dove has taught us the isotherms of the several months, chiefly on the land; since two thirds of the atmosphere rests upon the sea, Maury's work is so much the more welcome and valuable, because it includes at the same time the oceanic currents, the course of the winds and the temperature. How remarkable are the relations of temperature, (*temperatur verhältnitze*), in sheet No. E, South Atlantic, East and West of Lon. 40; how much would this department of meteorology gain if it were filled up according to Maury's proposition, in Commodore Lewis Harrington's Log-book. The shortening of the voyage from the United States to the Equator is a beautiful result of this undertaking. The bountiful manner in which these charts are distributed, raises our expectations still higher. You see that I do not belong to the unthankful.

Lieut. Gillis' letter to you, (of Feb. 25th,) the latest account of the variable star in the ship, (Argus,) the description of the observatory at Cambridge by Mr. Cranch Bond, to whom we are indebted for the important discoveries of the new rings of Saturn, and the revolutions of the *nebula* in Andromeda, (in Gould's Astronomical Journal,) have given me much pleasure. I had the pleasure to become acquainted with Mr. Gould here (in Berlin.) He holds a distinguished reputation amongst our German observers. The settlement of my talented and amiable friend, Agassiz, in North America, must have an important influence in all departments of Natural History.

From the Times.

#### DUELLING IN ENGLAND.

Of all the trials contained in these volumes\* none have a more melancholy interest, perhaps, than that of Mr. Stuart, who was tried on the 10th of June, 1822, before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, for killing Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel. Mr. Stuart was, of course, acquitted. He had been the aggrieved party; he had found it necessary to the vindication of his honor to call his unfortunate antagonist to account; he had been forced, by the cruel exaction of public opinion, to expose his life to the weapon of a man he had never offended, and who, indeed, in his heart bore his involuntary murderer no malice; and public opinion, expressed in the verdict of a jury, knew better than to sentence to death the wretched victim of its own brutal and unwarrantable edicts. Fortunately for the interests of humanity, we have at length reached a period when it becomes unnecessary to protest vehemently against the iron rule of an authority more despotic than that of absolute kings, and far more cruel and oppressive than the laws which but a

\* *Modern State Trials*. Revised and Illustrated with Essays and Notes. By William C. Townsend, M. A., Q. C. In 2 vols. Longman, 1850.

few years ago attached the penalty of death to the commission of almost pardonable offences. Society, with the acquirement of other useful knowledge, has learnt to appreciate the iniquitous folly of murder perpetrated in cold blood without the slightest excuse. The nation which above all the countries of the world takes credit for adapting its laws to the requirements of a rapidly advancing civilization has had courage to inquire why the savage vestige of an exploded system should still dishonor its history and interfere with its social progress. Duelling as a part and parcel of the national manners has ceased in England. No doubt random shots will yet from time to time be heard, and weakness in its despair will occasionally seek refuge in cowardice, which it mistakes for valor; but the mind of the majority is made up. Duelling henceforth must be the exception, not the rule. Public opinion will harmonize with the law, and honor it. It will protect the injured, and hand over the offenders to the legitimate consequences of their own misdeeds. It will not call upon a man first to endure wrong, and then to lay bare his breast to the bullet of his aggressors.

Our fathers were less fortunate than ourselves in this respect. Their dilemma was fearful. The law took no account of those delicate injuries under which sensitive honor pines, though no bruise or wound appears to indicate the mischief; and, in self-defence, refinement set up the bloodiest code brutality under the guise of chivalry could imagine or invent. A quiet gentleman, sitting from morning till night in his library, interfering with the pleasures and pursuits of none, amiable in every relation of life, a stanch friend, a fond husband, a devoted father, as useful a member of society as you might find in a day's journey, and obnoxious only to political opponents, who fear him more than he dislikes them, is called a "liar," a "coward," and a "heartless ruffian." He is nothing of the kind; he is proudly conscious of this fact; his accusers do not even believe it; the world—that portion of it in which he moves—is satisfied that he is a remarkable instance of truth, of courage, and extreme tenderness of spirit. The revilers have made a great mistake or committed a disgraceful outrage. In either case, since they are not amenable to law, you would think they might safely be left to acquire better information and improve their manners. Not a bit of it. The quiet gentleman's enemies have aimed a blow at his reputation. They are good shots—which unfortunately he is not—and now they must aim another at his life; society "allows it," and society "awards it." The quiet gentleman makes his will, kisses his children, shuts up his books, sighs, and "goes out." The quiet gentleman is killed; a million men could not restore the life one man has taken. Society is distressed beyond expression; so is the murderer, who is all sorrow and tenderness for the departed. There is general weeping, and great unavailing regret, and much commiseration for the widow; and then a mock trial, and no end of speechifying, beautiful remorse on the part of the survivor, lovelier attributes to the memory of the deceased, a verdict of Not Guilty, and a dismissal of the murderer and his accomplices into the world, which is worthy of them as they are worthy of it. The picture represents a common event at the time of George the Third. Let us confess that, degenerate as we are, we have changed, in some respects, for the better since those "good old days!"

Let us also bear in mind the main cause of our improvement! It is due to the majesty of law to state that, had she been less faithful, society would have grown more reckless. Public opinion and the law of the country have had a hard fight for the mastery, and had the latter given way but an inch the former would have found us to-day in the hands and at the mercy of the bullies. Judges have never hesitated to declare that murder which juries by their verdicts have as perseveringly regarded as justifiable homicide. In vain have eloquent counsel risen to prove that the prisoner bore his antagonist no ill-will; that he did not "wickedly and maliciously" challenge his victim to fight; that he had recourse to the sole means within his power to right himself with the world; that society would have branded him eternally for a coward had he held back; that he took up his weapon in self-defence precisely as a man levels his gun at the housebreaker or a midnight assassin;—the expounder of the law has still been proof against sophistry which, once accepted, must tend inevitably to social disorganization. The *deliberate resolution* to kill a fellow-creature has nothing to do with self-defence. To destroy another in cold blood is murder in the sight of the law, and can assume no other aspect. But what availed it that the judge stood firm by the statute when juries as pertinaciously backed the sentiment of the world and refused the law permission to take its course? It availed much. The unseemly conflict has been carried on until at length civilization has become shocked by the spectacle. The effect of the ever-recurring encounter is something worse than ridiculous. It has taken years to bring us to our senses, but we are rational at last. Public opinion exercises its good sense, and, since it cannot bring the law into harmony with its desperate folly, deems it expedient to shape its own views in conformity with unbending law. To slay in a duel is to commit murder, though men do not hang for the crime. To be a murderer with benefit of clergy is but an odious and an irksome privilege after all!

Sir Alexander was the eldest son of Dr. Johnson's Boswell. The inimitable biographer was fortunate in his offspring. His sons inherited all the virtues of their father and none of his foibles. The social good humor, the cleverness, the appreciation of learning, the joviality—every good quality, in fact, of Bozzy was reflected in his children, who had the sense to discern and avoid the frailties that had rendered the sire ridiculous in his own day, and illustrious for all time. James Boswell, the youngest son of the biographer, an accomplished scholar, superintended several editions of his father's great work, and was held in high esteem by his contemporaries. He was a Commissioner of Bankrupts when he suddenly died in London, in the prime of life, on the 24th day of February, 1822. Sir Alexander, who had been created a baronet in 1821, attended his brother's funeral in London, and returned to Scotland to meet with his own death immediately afterwards. Sir Walter Scott, warmly attached to both, was, we are informed, much affected by the unexpected death of the baronet, who had dined with the novelist only two or three days before the catastrophe, and, as usual, had been the life and soul of the party assembled.

That evening, (writes Mr. Lockhart,) was, I think, the gayest I ever spent in Castle-street; and though Charles Mathews was present and in his best force, poor Boswell's songs, jokes, and anecdotes had exhibited no symptom of eclipse.

Four years afterwards, Sir Walter dined in company with Charles Mathews again. The event is commemorated by a singular and characteristic entry in Scott's Diary.

There have been odd associations, (he writes,) attending my two last meetings with Mathews. The last time I saw him before yesterday evening, he dined with me in company with poor Sir Alexander Boswell, who was killed within a week. I never saw Sir Alexander more. The time before was in 1815, when John Scott, of Gala, and I, were returning from France, and passed through London, when we brought Mathews down as far as Leamington. Poor Byron lunched or rather made an early dinner with us at Long's, and a most brilliant day we had of it. I never saw Byron so full of fun, frolic, wit, and whim; he was as playful as a kitten. Well, I never saw him again. So this man of mirth, with his merry meetings, has brought me no luck.

Sir Alexander Boswell, it would appear, had made the final arrangements for his duel the very day he dined with Sir Walter. The circumstance in no way interfered with the flow of spirits of a man who had, indeed, invited a violent death by nothing more criminal than an over-indulgence of ill-directed mirth. The details of the duel are of the usual kind. In the early part of 1821 a newspaper called the *Beacon*, destined not to survive the year, was set up in Edinburgh in the tory interest. The object of the publication was to counteract the effect of radical doctrines, which were making great way into the northern metropolis under favor of the agitation that had been set up on behalf of Queen Caroline. Sir Walter Scott himself had been consulted upon the propriety of establishing the journal, and had offered with others to help it by a gift of money at starting. The *Beacon* served any purpose but that of directing the public mind in the path desired. The management of the paper, with which by the way the law officers of the crown foolishly connected themselves, was in all respects disastrous. The proprietors shrank from the responsibility which the bitter invective and satire of the more youthful and unscrupulous editors hourly accumulated on their shoulders; the articles of the paper were made the subject of parliamentary discussion, and, to avoid consequences which it was not difficult to anticipate, the concern, which had opened with flying colors in January, was suddenly and ignominiously shut up forever in August.

Glasgow took up the weapon which Edinburgh dropped. A newspaper appeared in the former city as the avowed defender of the cause and assailant of the persons previously upheld and attacked by the defunct Edinburgh journal. The *Sentinel*, as the Glasgow paper was called, would hold his ground though the *Beacon* was put out. It is much easier to bequeath hatred and rancor than to communicate talent and genius. The *Sentinel* was abusive and licentious enough, but it had little to recommend it on the score of ability. The *Beacon* had made a personal attack upon Mr. Stuart, a gentleman connected with some leading whig families, and the *Sentinel*, in pursuance of its vocation, fastened upon the same luckless gentleman. The libel of the Edinburgh journalist had been arranged. Mr. Stuart found out its author, and libeller and libelled were prevented from doing further mischief by being bound over to keep the peace. To keep the peace, however, in those days was to be wanting in the very first element of chivalry, and, accordingly, Mr. Stuart was pronounced by the

*Sentinel* a "bully," a "coward," a "dastard," and a "sulky poltroon." Furthermore, he was "a heartless ruffian," "a white feather," and "afraid of lead." To vindicate his character Mr. Stuart raised an action of damages, and, curiously enough, he was twitted in the very court of justice to which he had appealed for protection, for not having recourse to the hostile measure which in his despair he at last adopted, and for pursuing which he was tried for his life. Abuse went on in spite of the action of damages; Mr. Stuart finally addressed himself to the agent for the printer of the newspaper, and the agent gave up the manuscripts from which the libels had been printed. Mr. Stuart went to Glasgow to inspect them. He discovered his assailant. The author of the worst calumnies against him was Sir Alexander Boswell, "a gentleman with whom he was somewhat related, and with whom he had never been but upon good terms." Mr. Stuart appealed to a friend. He called in the advice of the Earl of Roslyn, who obtained an interview with Sir Alexander Boswell, to whom he submitted two propositions. One was, that the baronet should deny that the calumnies were his; the other, that Sir Alexander should confess that the libel was but a poor joke, for which he was sorry. "I will neither deny nor make an apology," answered Sir Alexander Boswell.

A duel was now a matter of course. Sir Alexander left a paper behind him, confessing that the meeting was inevitable, and Mr. Stuart made all his preparations for death. One stands amazed in the presence of such horrible play, such terrific childishness. The parties met; they fired together, and Sir Alexander fell. Boswell, who would not allow that he had written a squib, proudly fired in the air; Mr. Stuart took no aim, and yet killed his man. When the deed was done, the murderer, frantic, and "dissolved in all the tenderness of an infant," reproached himself with exquisite simplicity that he had not taken aim, "for if he had he was certain he would have missed him;" whilst the dying man expressed a corresponding anxiety lest "he had not made his fire in the air appear so decided as he could have wished." So men speak and act who take leave of their reason to play the fool in the high court of honor! A line tells the rest of the history. Sir Alexander is removed from the field and taken to the house of a friend. Mr. Stuart flies to the house of his friend, runs into a room, shuts the door, sits down in agony of mind, and bursts into tears. In due time he is put on his trial for murder, the jury unanimously find him *Not Guilty*, and Lord Chief Justice Clerk congratulates him on the verdict, although five minutes before he had deliberately stated that "duels are but illustrious murders," and that "no false punctilio or notion of honor can vindicate an act which terminates fatally to another fellow-creature."

**TENACITY OF LIFE.**—Dr. Franklin gives a singular story of a fly which, having taken up its quarters in a pipe of Madeira, lay torpid there, perhaps for years, and ultimately came to life when taken out of the wine and placed in the rays of a Philadelphia sun. A still more marvellous instance of resuscitation occurred lately in the British Museum. An Egyptian snail, which had been glued down to a card for four years, confined in a close glass case, actually came to life, and was found crawling about in his narrow domicile, to the great astonishment of his curator.

From the Examiner.

# SOUTHEY AND THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

THERE is a remark in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* of which we must admit the truth.

The seriousness of Southey's *amour propre* was not favorable to him when pitted against a *persifleur*.

*Amour propre* is an equivocal phrase. Its meaning lies in the lips that utter it. Used by a *persifleur* of such a man as Southey, it would be apt to mean a becoming self-regard, a proper dignity and self-respect; and one has but to read the article of the *Review* in which it occurs to perceive how easy a feeling of that kind may be made ridiculous by a light, keen, unscrupulous assailant. It was hardly to be expected perhaps, that this should have been demonstrated by the *Quarterly Review* in connection with such a subject as the "Life and Letters of Southey"—but it is proverbially difficult to account for tastes.

"Environed with these ladies," says the reviewer, describing Southey in his domestic circle, "who of course worshipped him devoutly, and corresponding almost exclusively (in a confidential sense) with old friends who had little connection with literary matters unless as through him, he never parted from the notion that literature is by far the grandest object of human concern; and indulged himself not only with holding, but with eternally proclaiming the conviction, that whatever he wrote was destined to be classed by posterity with the very highest creations of genius and skill." Here are two charges worth considering a little.

The reviewer supports the first by quoting in a note from one of Southey's letters to the effect that "Literary fame is the only fame of which a wise man ought to be ambitious, because it is the only lasting and living fame." Well, is it so, or is it not? What is the fame that the majority of sensible men perceive to be the most durable? Would the reviewer himself have chosen to have been Augustus or Horace? Is the fame of Elizabeth or Essex preferable to that of Shakspeare? Who would not have been Defoe rather than the statesman who put him in the pillory? Is it Johnson or Lord Chesterfield who now stands waiting in the ante-room? Southey's proposition is as surely right and indisputable as the reviewer's construction of it is far from either. A man who rightly values literary fame does not value it for the empty and noisy applauses it reverberates, but for the solid and silent good it represents. The "notion that literature is by far the grandest object of human concern," which is the expression of the reviewer, is a very different thing from the belief, which was that of Southey, that the grandest objects of human concern can have no promoter so effective as literature, nor any monument so enduring. To such a man literature is the means, and not the object or the end. Milton was very

far from indulging any forecast of personal vanity when he spoke of the perpetuity of praise which God and good men had consented should be the reward of those whose published labors had advanced the good of mankind. Great writers who understand their vocation are entitled to speak as the world's unacknowledged legislators. Even the reviewer has to admit of Southey that he gave the first effective impulse to not a few of the most marked ameliorations of recent years.

The second charge is, that Southey indulged himself not only with holding but with eternally proclaiming the conviction, "that whatever he wrote was destined to be classed by posterity with the highest creations of genius and skill." The reviewer seems to think it more venial to hold such a conviction than to be eternally proclaiming it: and perhaps it is so. But let us see on what the gravity of the charge rests. We should have very little pleasure if we did not sometimes flatter ourselves, said the brilliant Frenchman; and it turns out that in letters to private friends, between the dates of fifty and thirty years ago, Southey expressed himself pretty confidently as to the ultimate result of his poetical labors. The reviewer adduces seven such letters, addressed to the most intimate of the poet's private friends, as "specimens of Mr. Southey's epistolary criticism on himself;" and warns the English reader not to smile any longer "over the egotistical extravagances of a Chateaubriand or a Lamartine."

Of the taste of this we shall say nothing, and of its justice only this—that, pending the final judgment of Southey's poetry, which must be left to time, such a writer may without unworthy or ignoble imputation entrust to the sacredness of friendship even an extravagant belief in the ultimate acceptance of what he has pursued with such loftiness of aim, and such entire devotion of his thoughts and life. The second charge of the reviewer, indeed, is but the sequel to the first. A man who views literature at its right elevation cannot afford even to affect indifference to the place he shall himself obtain in it. The difference between Southey and his reviewer on this point has nothing new in it. "You know," says Horace Walpole to one of his correspondents, "how I shun authors, and would never have been one myself if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all these things, and divert myself."

In like manner Mr. Southey, being very much in earnest, and thinking his profession extremely serious, and having a mighty reverence for learning, is bad company for his reviewer; whose views of authorship in the nineteenth century are thus succinctly stated:

Ever since superior education was open to a wide sphere of the community there has been no scarcity of adventurers, who, on the threshold of life, shrunk from the slower and severer toils of the professions in which learning is ministrant to the practical necessi-



ties of society, and preferred the more precarious careers in which it may be possible, by a single leap, to reach the pinnacle of conspicuousness; but the great revolution with which Southey sympathized, originating in a general spirit of impatience with established superiorities and traditional reverences, prodigiously quickened the impulse of that eager vanity. Hence the widely-spread machinery of intellectual mischief to which Europe owes her late convulsions and still deepening uneasiness.

All the notorious clap-traps against literature are cleverly condensed in these few sentences. The social status is denied to the man who adopts it as a calling. He is an adventurer. His labors have nothing to do with "the practical necessities of society." His is not the slow and severe toil which consecrates the years devoted to Comyn's Digest and Sugden's Vendors and Purchasers. What impels him is eager vanity, what he desires is to make a sudden leap into notoriety, what he achieves is intellectual mischief; and but for him not a pigtail in Europe would have been disturbed during the last half-century. We leave the reader to credit this or not, as his reverence for pigtails may incline him, and shall content ourselves with remarking that in so far as Southey is concerned it is silly and inapplicable. There is not a shadow of pretence for asserting that literature was a makeshift for him, or anything but a deliberate and settled preference. It was embraced after the first eager impulses of his youth had passed, and when means and opportunities of choice were fairly spread out before him. For what the reviewer quotes with a sneer we challenge respect and sympathy. "One overwhelming propensity has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank or wealth; but it has made me happy, and it will make me immortal."

The reviewer is sorely puzzled to make out whether or not Southey could have signed the Thirty-nine Articles till a very few years before his death. To show that he certainly could not have done this as recently as thirty years ago, he quotes a letter in which Southey, avowing himself a believer, and urging religion as the one thing needful, adds these pregnant words: "I am no bigot. I believe that men will be judged by their actions and intentions, not their creed. I am a Christian; and so will Turk, Jew, and Gentile be in heaven, if they have lived well according to the light which was vouchsafed them." The reviewer calls this avowal un-Athanasian—it would have been too great a stretch to call it un-Christian. He also charitably remarks how curious it is that in the same letter Southey should have instanced ghost-stories as apparently the strongest argument for a future state; whereas it is obvious, the letter being addressed to a declared infidel, that Southey was not using the argument most agreeable to himself, but most likely to have weight with his correspondent. And having thus startled and horrified the old squires and buckskins who still cleave to the *Quarterly*, with these distressing doubts of poor Southey's orthodoxy, the reviewer

completes the darker shades of the dreadful picture by exhibiting the poet's want of faith in even George the Third and the heaven-born Pitt! Mercy on us! It turns out that "down to the close of George the Third's reign he is never mentioned in the letters with a shadow of respect—nay, that the first time that even the poet expresses anything of what is now at least the national sentiment respecting the good old king, is after his death, in the hexameters of 1821." The heaven-born fares even worse. In the very hexameters themselves there is no place for him. The last time he figures in the correspondence—*horrescimus referentes*—is as the "babbling Pitt"! and one of Southey's "worst grievances" in connection with Gifford's editorship of his articles in the *Quarterly* turned on the erasure of a sneer about Pitt's talents.

Those "grievances" we ought briefly to mention. They are expressed in Southey's frequent complaints to his more intimate friends of Gifford's want of taste and judgment in tampering with his articles. But we see nothing in such complaints to convict Southey of inconsistency in continuing to write for the *Review*. The liberty of private remonstrance, so often essential even to self-justification, is by no means merged in the public duty of submission to editorial laws. There is a distinction the limits of which no man better than Southey knew. "You wonder," he writes to his uncle Hill, "that I should submit to any expurgations in the *Quarterly*. The fact is, that there must be a power expurgatory in the hands of the editor; and the misfortune is, that editors frequently think it incumbent on them to use that power merely because they have it." And he proceeds to say that he should not like to break with the *Review* because there was no channel through which so much effect could be given to what he wished to impress on the opinion of the public. We think this perfectly manly and straightforward.

Yet the reviewer adverts to it in this slipslop strain:

This style of writing to third parties about those with whom he was contented to cooperate, so much to his own pecuniary benefit, for more than a quarter of a century, does not appear to us very becoming; he must have been early convinced that, however his talents were prized, there was no inclination to let him erect at Keswick a chair of virtual supremacy over his colleagues; and we think it will be felt that, this point once quite ascertained, he should either have dropped the alliance, or his private sneering and grumbling.

Marry come up! So much to his own pecuniary benefit, I warrant you! And was it no one else's pecuniary benefit? We learn that for Southey's article on Nelson in the *Review* he received a hundred pounds, for its enlargement and republication as a book another hundred, and a final hundred on its appearance in the "Family Library,"—three hundred in all. How many thousands did Mr. Murray make by it!

But it is time that we should bring this article to a close. The surprise with which we find ourselves defending Southey against the *Quarterly Review* recalls to us Sidney Smith's never-ending astonishment, when he, an old Edinburgh reviewer, found himself suddenly fighting against the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London for the existence of the national church. We have not willingly adverted to the subject. It pains us for many reasons to charge with a temporary forgetfulness both of judgment and feeling such a writer as the author of this review. What effect upon Southey's reputation the article may have been designed to produce we do not take on ourselves to say; but of the impression it absolutely produces there can be no doubt whatever. There are many kind expressions in it which were doubtless felt by the writer, but they are unhappily so placed that his objections derive only greater weight and substance from them. The impression, whether from praise or blame, is uniform, and such only as the most skilful touch could have left. One is made to feel that even Southey's noble generosity and disregard of self had a cast of effeminacy in it, that his opinions on the most important subjects were never clear or settled, that where he succeeded in literature it was generally at the cost of his own object of ambition, that the interest of his poetry exists mainly in its development of his personal character, that his prose is marred by diffuseness, that his most obvious merit is his skill of workmanship, that generally he is behind his age, and that his true place and period would have been a comfortably furnished cell in a Benedictine monastery two centuries ago. To such a judgment of Southey, not indeed always directly expressed in words, but in substance certainly conveyed, and which somewhat portentously appears in a Review of which during his life he was the chief supporter, and which has had no higher claim to the public respect than that of the *Ninety Essays* he contributed to its pages, we have felt it right to make our brief protest. To a more frank and open severity we should hardly have objected, though we could as little agree with it.

What on other occasions we have said of Southey we are less than ever disposed to omit saying now. None of his contemporaries, few of any time, have written so much and written so well. No man ever passed through a long life, almost always in the public eye, with a character more manly, honorable, or unstained. For the opinions of his extreme youth we believe them to have been in reality a departure from the natural habits and dispositions of his mind. They were less what we should now call liberalism or republicanism than a wild and frantic objection to all institutions. Of his genius there can surely be no question. His prose is of the very best in the language. It is clear, vigorous, and manly; with no small prettinesses in it, but full and muscular as that of our older and stronger race of writers; and often sparkling with a current of quaint, grave

humor which is singularly fascinating. His larger poems are at least written on solid principles, and with a sustained artistic power. There is always a noble simplicity in their groundwork, the wonderful and the beautiful adorn them in equal proportions, and their substance is built of great and elevating thoughts. The reviewer would turn the laugh against him by quoting Southey's self-comparison with Ariosto, but to our judgment he is as real a poet, and in the same school. His shorter poems are as fine as anything in the language. His range of literary pursuits was extraordinary, and his unwearied diligence recalled the nobler and severer days of English study.

But there was something in Southey to the last which intercepted his full sympathy with toryism, and for this he is now paid back in tory coin. It is happy for him as for us that there is now another coin as current and more valuable. By a somewhat curious coincidence the *Quarterly* article appears contemporaneously with the following announcement:

The Lord Chancellor has nominated the Rev. D. Jeffreys to the rectory of Newborough, Anglesey; the Rev. George Robbins to the rectory of Courtenhall, Northamptonshire; and the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey (son of the late Poet Laureate) to the vicarage of Ardligh, Essex.

A more just and honorable exercise of church patronage was never made than this, or one that we regard with greater satisfaction. It is a spontaneous and generous tribute to the memory of a powerful opponent, which comes with peculiar grace from the present Lord Chancellor, and could not have been paid more opportunely than now. Men of all parties will be grateful to Lord Truro for an act so thoughtful and high-minded; nor do we think so ill of the *Quarterly* reviewer as to doubt for an instant that he also will most sincerely rejoice at it.

From the Examiner.

*Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America, developed in a Critical Examination of the Book of the Chronicles of the Land of Ecnarf.* By the Rev. ARISTARCHUS NEWLIGHT, Phil. Dr. of the University of Giessen. Corresponding Member of the Theophilanthropic and Pan-theocratic Societies of Leipzig, late Professor of all Religions in several distinguished Academies at home and abroad, etc. etc. etc. Parker.

No one who has read Archbishop Whateley's *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte* will have any doubt as to the intention or the authorship of these *Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America*.

The author of the ingenious *Doubts* showed how easy it might be to discredit altogether the fact of the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte, by applying to his career the kind of criticism which a certain class of reasoners are in the habit of applying to the Four Gospels. The author of these as ingenious *Certainties* disposes in like manner of the

credibility of the incidents comprised between the first French Revolution and the Battle of Waterloo by putting them through the "mythic" crucible invented by Dr. Strauss in his *Leben Jesu*.

In critically examining what has hitherto been accepted for history, Strauss' method is either to dispose of it altogether as a complete myth, or to reduce it to a mythic narrative with "historic nucleus," according as he supposes it to respond to certain laws which he lays down. Thus, where not only the details of an adventure are obnoxious to criticism, and its exterior mechanism is manifestly exaggerated, but the basis on which it rests is not (in his judgment) conformable to reason, or is made obviously (as he believes) to agree with preëxisting ideas, Strauss rejects it altogether; reserving to himself the privilege of admitting the "historic nucleus" where it is the form rather than the substance of the narrative to which his laws and conditions of improbability apply. The reader has but to imagine a method of this sort strictly applied to incidents so obnoxious to criticism, resting on a basis so obviously unreasonable, and taking outward forms of such gross exaggeration, as the series of events which transpired in Europe between the death of Louis the Sixteenth and the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth—to understand the amusing self-satisfaction with which Mr. Newlight reduces to perfect chaos a portion of the indisputable and veracious history in which our fathers and grandfathers actually took part.

The joke is carried out with the most whimsical aids and resources of learning. There are several Hebraic dissertations on names, of which the gravity and research are quite portentous. In short, *Historic Certainties* is a brochure which Swift would have enjoyed amazingly, and which, to that good bishop and reader of Swift who found some things in *Gulliver* that he could not exactly believe, would have presented nothing in the least degree difficult of belief, or inconsistent with the perfect gravity and intense decorum of an investigation *a la Strauss*.

Our extract is taken from that portion of the commentary which deals with the averment in the original chronicle of *Noel-opan's* habit of destroying the merchandise of the *Niatirbites* because he was at war with them. *Niatirb* is of course Britain, and *Anich* China.

The story which comes next, about the burning of the *Niatirbite* merchandise, I was at first inclined to reject as a mere fiction—"a weak invention of the enemy." But a curious fragment of what seems (from its feeble and more prolix style) a later continuation of these chronicles, has since come into my hands, which shows, I think, that it, too, may have some historical foundation. The fragment is this: "There were merchant-men in *Niatirb* who traded to the land of *Anich*, and had large traffic with it. They went thither in ships, and brought thence very costly merchandise—even bitter herbs. For the *Anichims* love the bitterness of those herbs, and steep them in water, and drink thereof. But the *Niatirbites* love it not; but they

put sugar therewith to sweeten it. So the merchantmen went, year by year continually, to the land of *Anich* for the bitter herbs; and gave in exchange money, even gold and silver, in great abundance. And the profit of their traffic was great; and the merchant-men grew rich exceedingly.

"Then those merchant-men said among themselves; Behold our silver and our gold goeth out unto *Anich*, and returneth not again, and we bring nothing thence but only these bitter herbs. Moreover the *Anichims* enhance the price on us, so that we shall be impoverished. Go to; let us bring them hardware, and articles of curious workmanship. Peradventure they will take them in exchange.

"Then those merchant-men took hardware and articles of curious workmanship, and brought them to the land of *Anich*, and set them before the *Anichims*. But the *Anichims* answered them, and said, Nay, but we will have gold and silver.

"Then the merchant-men said among themselves the second time, Go to, let us try them with broad cloth and with fustian, and with divers kinds of cotton goods, and of woollen. But the *Anichims* answered them the second time, Are not the silks and muslins of *Anich* better than all the broad cloth and the fustian of *Niatirb*? And they laughed them to scorn.

"Then the merchant-men were sore grieved; and they said one to another, Behold, these two times they have refused our goods; what shall we do therefore?

"Then rose up a certain wise man and said unto them. Try them yet a third time also, and take unto them opium, peradventure they will choose that. Now opium is a drug, which, when a man tasteth, he becometh mad or foolish, and pineth away, and dieth miserably.

"As soon, then, as they had set the opium before the *Anichims*, the men of *Anich* answered and said, Behold, now, this is good: we will give unto you our bitter herbs for opium; and, if that be not enough, take ye of us also gold and silver, as the price thereof shall be.

"So the merchants were glad when they heard that; and they brought out opium in their ships year by year, and sold it to the *Anichims*; and the *Anichims* took it, and they became mad or foolish, and pined away, and died miserably.

"Then the king of *Anich* was exceeding wroth, because his people died miserably, and he sent letters unto his rulers and officers, saying, As soon as these letters be come unto you, go presently and burn up all the opium that is in the land, and destroy it utterly. So the rulers and officers made diligent search, and burned up all the opium that was in the land. Howbeit, there was some left, which the rulers and officers had hidden for themselves in secret places.

"Now the queen of *Niatirb* was a just queen, fearing God and doing uprightly. When, therefore, she had heard of all that the king of *Anich* had done, she sent forth ships of war and valiant men, and very much artillery, to waste the land of *Anich*, and to take the cities thereof, because of the opium which the king of *Anich* had burned.

"Also the priests of the land of *Niatirb*, which did eat at the queen's table—(she is lady over them, and they have a tenth of all the increase of the land. Howbeit, they receive not the full tenth)—arose and said, Behold, the *Anichims* shall be subdued before our lady the queen, and the trade

of the merchant-men shall be restored, which the king of Anich had cut off; let us, therefore, now send men unto the land of Anich, to teach the Anichims that they be not drunken with opium as heretofore, neither give it unto others that they may be drunken. For it is a law of the Niatirbites, held in reverence by all the people, that whatsoever thing they would that men should do unto them, they should do unto others likewise. Then the queen said, Send, and I will also take cities from the king of Anich, that the men whom ye send may dwell there safely, and teach the men of Anich the way of uprightness."

This story is, no doubt, monstrously absurd. The costly merchandise of bitter herbs, fetched in ships from a great distance, for the purpose of being sweetened at home; the pious zeal of the good queen and her priests (who have a right to the tenth, and yet, with the characteristic modesty of the holy tribe, do not take a full tenth\*) to teach the Anichims not to use the poison they were forced to buy—are sufficiently ludicrous. But, if I am not wholly mistaken, this substratum of fact remains—that the Niatirbites poisoned the goods which they imported into Anich. I am willing to allow some weight to the character here given of the queen. She was probably no worse than her predecessors. At any rate, she was a woman, and therefore, naturally merciful. She would not, therefore, have supported this nefarious scheme, if it were not a part of the established policy of her country. As to the excellent law of practice which is said to have been held in reverence by the Niatirbites, it is plain that the priests must have expounded it as referring to private individuals exclusively, not to the public policy of states and princes.† In all ages, indeed, casuists have held a distinction between these two cases; and not only Hobbes and Macchiavelli, but Christian divines, have stretched the license of sovereigns very far.

If then, as we may now assume, the poisoning of merchandise was an established part of the statecraft of Niatirb, we have a very reasonable account of Noel-opan's conduct in burning their wares, and exhorting his allies to follow his example. If we reject this account we must suppose that this man, who had risen by his own talents to the chief place among a free and great people, was really no better than a fool!

The result of the critical examination of Mr. Newlight is that the incidents up to the Sovereignty of Elba have historic nucleus, but that the incidents between Elba and Waterloo are entirely mythical. Every condition of the myth laid down by Strauss is shown to be fulfilled by the last-named extravagant and quite miraculous events, which the good Aristarchus accordingly wipes clean out of the page of history!

\* On the antiquity of tithes, see Seldon and Spelman. The first notice we have of tithes occurs in the case of Abraham, who, as Daumer has proved, certainly came from America.

† At any rate, the Niatirbites no doubt revered it as an excellent rule for the Anichims. So many consider universal toleration the plain duty of all—except the true believers. And the republicans of Kentucky confine their constitutional dogma, "all men are born free and equal," to the whites. Indeed, the great difference between the Northern and Southern portions of the United States leads me to suspect that the population of the latter is not so much of British as of Niatirbith origin. My friend Professor Silliman of Massachusetts has accumulated a great mass of evidence on this subject, which, it is to be hoped, he will soon publish.

From the Examiner.

Poems. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New Edition. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.

It is more than six years since we noticed the first edition of Miss Barrett's collected poems, but many of her earlier writings were excluded from that publication. This "new edition" comprises her poetry early and late, strengthened by careful revision, and with additions that exhibit, yet more than the change which has merged her name in that of another true poet, the altered aspect of her life and fortunes.

With more than half the poems before us we make acquaintance for the first time, and they have greatly raised our opinion of the writer. In imagination and expression, the first requisites of the art, she stands very high indeed. What she still wants is compression, though not so much as formerly. Her fault has been, not only to use all her thoughts and feelings for whatever she does, but to be equally lavish of multitudes of words in depicting them. We see proof, in the late poems, of a change in this respect; and of as healthy a change in the spiritual experiences recorded. Rich as the age has been in its manifestations of female genius, the two volumes now published in some respects stand alone. They express a genuine and natural poetess, true to the time in which she lives; and they also exhibit the character and learning of a noble-minded Englishwoman, with the taste and accomplishments of an age now passed away. Mrs. Browning is true to nature in her poetical genius, because she thinks the thoughts and utters the sentiments which the constitution of her mind, the circumstances in which she is placed, and the influences by which she is surrounded, have cherished and suggested. Yet such has been her spiritual training, and such her habits of temperament and study, that she reminds us more of the great-hearted Englishwomen of an earlier day, than of those, amiable, excellent, and inspired with true genius, as many of them are, who have been formed by the age in which she lives. We think of the wife of Col. Hutchinson, of Lady Fanshawe, of the beloved sister of Boyle, and the confiding, admiring friend of Milton, Lady Ranelagh, when we read the poems of Mrs. Browning.

From the same school as that of those noble women has issued the writer of these *Poems*. She has fed upon the classic thoughts of Æschylus, and the old theology of Gregory Nazianzen. She has conversed on terms of sisterly equality with the men whose delight was in the study of such writers. She appreciates the substantial value of the massive thinkers of antiquity. As Milton did, she takes pleasure in the wild imaginings of old romance and legend; but her clear and strong intellect more habitually reposes in the contemplation of ethics based upon reason, and elevated by devotional aspiration. She delights in giving the embodiment of English verse and words to the thoughts and imagery of the Bound Prometheus, and in letting her imagination dwell



upon the emotions and struggles of our first parents after the Fall, and the severe yet loving sublimity of the Atoning Sacrifice.

There is another theme to which she loves to recur, and which she treats with an intensity of feeling, a power of imagination, and illustrates with a variety of exquisitely-beautiful imagery, unsurpassed, we might almost say unequalled, by any poet who has gone before her. In many of her minor poems, but, above all, in that admirable poem (now for the first time printed) to which she has given the form of a series of sonnets, and which is entitled "From the Portuguese," we find this theme dwelt upon with noble and eloquent fervor. It describes the solitary wrestling of a strong mind linked to a feeble frame to attain to that enjoyment which faith in the benevolent purpose of present suffering can give; it expresses the struggles of such a mind to resign itself to solitary independence and uncompleted existence, while yearning for the interchange of affection and life as strong as that it feels within; it depicts the misgivings with which the first uncertain gleams of hope that such love and life has been turned towards it are entertained; and closes in the absorbing happiness, tranquil as it is deep, with which full conviction of the glad truth is admitted. Let the reader prepare for the full enjoyment of this remarkable series of sonnets by first reading the verses entitled "Catarina to Camoens."

But no one capable of appreciating poetry will rest satisfied with a partial and incomplete knowledge of the poems here presented to them. Fragmentary and occasional as the majority of them appear to be, they are for the most part linked together by a subtle interconnection of sympathies and meaning. They who are yet altogether unacquainted with them, and are desirous of entering into the fullest sense of their beauty, will do well to begin by reading "The Drama of Exile," and "The Seraphim," with the sonnets inscribed to the late Mr. Stuart Boyd, and the poem of "Cyprian Wine" inscribed to him. From these may be caught the writer's favorite studies and prevailing habits of thought. After this the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and "The Romaunt of the Page," will show how delicate, pure, and intense a spirit of womanly love is connected with this masculine and far-reaching intellect. In "The Lay of Brown Rosary," and "The Romaunt of Margret," will be recognized a delicate and fanciful power of giving reality to the vague and bodiless suggestions of legendary superstition that has rarely been surpassed. "Bertha in the Lane" is a variation of the theme of concealed love, strengthened by devotion and self-sacrifice, very pathetic, and quite original in conception. The "Romance of the Swan's Nest" is a delightfully natural picture of romance with reality beside it. "Hector in the Garden," and the verses on "My Dog Flush," are of the class which impart poetic character to the homeliest household associations. "The House of Clouds" evinces the faculty which

gives to airy nothings "a local habitation, and a name." The "Rhyme of the Duchess May" tells a story of woman's fidelity and spirit in a series of clear pictures, colored with romantic feeling and true poetic grace. Nor less tender and imaginative are the "Lay of the Early Rose," the "Loved One," and the "Child's Grave at Florence." And the crown and completion of these excellences will be found in the sonnets, "From the Portuguese," that monologue of a strong soul rescued by love from all its doubts and misgivings.

Mrs. Browning's poems are of the class the full beauty and value of which can but scantily be indicated by extracts. Yet it would not be difficult to select passages instinct with a life and beauty of their own, if space were at our disposal. We would gladly have quoted, for instance, from the lay of the Brown Rosary, which is the legend of a maiden who has foregone her eternal hopes of future life for prolonged present life to be united to an earthly lover. Let the reader observe the last twenty stanzas; and then, for a beautiful contrast with the wild theme of that poem, touched as it is at the close with a bright sunset flash of redeeming mercy, read the tender and delicate lines entitled "A Portrait," at page 309 of the second volume.

An invaluable lesson is conveyed in a highly-finished sonnet, called "The Prospect," at the close of the first volume. Another entitled "Perplexed Music"—and the two sonnets on "Future" and "Past"—are also full of pathetic meaning. This accumulation of contrasting images, in enumeration of the features of city life, we find in a new poem called "The Soul's Trembling:"

The champ of the steeds on the silver bit,  
As they whirl the rich man's chariot by;  
The beggar's whine as he looks at it—  
But it goes too fast for charity.  
The trail, on the street, of the poor man's broom,  
That the lady, who walks to her palace-home,  
On her silken skirt may catch no dust;  
The tread of the business-men who must  
Count their per cents. by the paces they take;  
The cry of the babe, unheard of its mother  
Though it lie on her breast, while she thinks of the  
other  
Laid yesterday where it will not wake.  
The flower-girl's prayer to buy roses and pinks,  
Held out in the smoke, like stars by day;  
The gin-door's oath, that hollowly chinks  
Guilt upon grief, and wrong upon hate;  
The cabman's cry to get out of the way;  
The dustman's call down the area-grate;  
The young maid's jest, and the old wife's scold,  
The haggling talk of the boys at a stall;  
The fight in the street, which is backed for gold—  
The plea of the lawyers in Westminster Hall;  
The drop on the stones, of the blind man's staff,  
As he trades in his own grief's sacredness;  
The brothel's shriek, and the Newgate laugh,  
The hum upon 'Change, and the organ's grinding,  
The grinder's face being nevertheless  
Dry and vacant of even woe,  
While the children's hearts are leaping so  
At the merry music's winding;

The black-plumed funeral's creeping train,  
Long and slow (and yet they will go  
As fast as Life, though it hurry and strain!)  
Creeping the populous houses through,  
And nodding their plumes at either side—  
At many a house where an infant new  
To the sunshiny world, has just struggled and  
cried;

At many a house, where sitteth a bride  
Trying the morrow's coronals,  
With a scarlet blush, to-day.—

Slowly creep the funerals,  
As none should hear the noise and say,  
The living, the living, must go away  
To multiply the dead!

The reader will thank us for subjoining the  
brief poems which follow, and which are complete  
in themselves:

#### A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,  
Feeling, thinking, seeing—  
Love me in the lightest part,  
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth  
In its frank surrender;  
With the vowing of thy mouth,  
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,  
Made for earnest granting!  
Taking color from the skies,  
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall,  
Snow-like at first meeting;  
Love me with thine heart, that all  
The neighbors then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out  
Freely—open-minded;  
Love me with thy loitering foot—  
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns  
Sudden faint above me;  
Love me with thy blush that burns  
When I murmur "*Love me!*"

Love me with thy thinking soul—  
Break it to love-sighing;  
Love me with thy thoughts that roll  
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,  
When the world has crowned thee!  
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,  
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure as musers do,  
Up the woodlands shady;  
Love me, gaily, fast, and true,  
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,  
Further off or nigher,  
Love me for the house and grave—  
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
*I will love thee—half-a-year—*  
As a man is able.

#### L. E. L.'S LAST QUESTION.

Do you think of me as I think of you?  
*From her poem written during the voyage to the Cape.*

#### I.

"Do you think of me as I think of you,  
My friends, my friends?"—She said it from the sea,  
The English minstrel in her minstrelsy;  
While, under brighter skies than erst she knew,  
Her heart grew dark—and groped there, as the  
blind,  
To reach across the waves, friends left behind—  
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

#### II.

It seemed not much to ask—*As I of you?*—  
We all do ask the same. No eyelids cover  
Within the meekest eyes, that question over—  
And little, in the world, the loving do,  
But sit (among the rocks!) and listen for  
The echo of their own love evermore—  
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

#### III.

Love-learned, she had sung of love and love—  
And, like a child, that, sleeping with dropt head  
Upon the fairy-book he lately read,  
Whatever household noises round him move,  
Hears in his dream some elfin turbulence—  
Even so, suggestive to her inward sense,  
All sounds of life assumed one tune of love.

#### IV.

And when the glory of her dream withdrew—  
When knightly gestes and courtly pageantries  
Were broken in her visionary eyes,  
By tears the solemn seas attested true—  
Forgetting that sweet lute beside her hand,  
She asked not—Do you praise me, O my land!—  
But—"Think ye of me, friends, as I of you!"

#### V.

Hers was the hand that played for many a year,  
Love's silver phrase for England—smooth and well!  
Would God, her heart's more inward oracle  
In that lone moment, might confirm her dear!  
For when her questioned friends in agony  
Made passionate response—"We think of *thee*,"—  
Her place was in the dust, too deep to hear.

#### VI.

Could she not wait to catch their answering breath?  
Was she content—content—with ocean's sound,  
Which dashed its mocking infinite around  
One thirsty for a little love? Beneath  
Those stars, content—where last her song had  
gone—  
They mute and cold in radiant life—as soon  
Their singer was to be, in darksome death?

#### VII.

Bring your vain answers—cry, "We think of  
*thee!*"  
How think ye of her? warm in long ago  
Delights?—or crowned with budding bays? Not  
so.  
None smile and none are crowned where lieth she—  
With all her visions unfulfilled, save one—  
Her childhood's—of the palm-trees in the sun—  
And lo! their shadow on her sepulchre!

#### VIII.

"Do you think of me as I think of you?"—  
O friends—O kindred—O dear brotherhood

Of all the world! what are we, that we should  
For covenants of long affections sue?  
Why press so near each other, when the touch  
Is barred by graves! Not much, and yet too much,  
Is this "Think of me as I think of you."

## IX.

But while on mortal lips I shape anew  
A sigh to mortal issues—verily  
Above the unshaken stars that see us die,  
A vocal pathos rolls! and He who drew  
All life from dust, and for all, tasted death,  
By death and life and love, appealing, saith,  
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

We shall close our extracts with five sonnets  
of the series entitled "From the Portuguese."  
They tell their own story.

I thought how once Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young;  
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years, . .  
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;  
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . .  
"Guess now who holds thee!"—"Death!" I said.  
But there,  
The silver answer rang . . . "Not Death, but  
Love."

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!  
Unlike our uses, and our destinies.  
Our ministering two angels look surprise  
On one another, as they look athwart  
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art  
A guest for queens to social pageantries,  
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes  
Than tears, even, can make mine, to ply thy part  
Of chief musician. What hast thou to do  
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,  
A poor, tired, wandering singer! . . singing  
through  
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree!  
The chrisim is on thine head—on mine, the dew—  
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
"I love her for her smile . . her look . . her way  
Of speaking gently, . . for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day!"—  
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so  
wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,  
Since one might well forget to weep who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

I never gave a lock of hair away  
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully  
I ring out to the full brown length and say

"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,  
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,  
As girls do, any more. It only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks, the mark of tears,  
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside  
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-  
shears  
Would take this first; but Love is justified;  
Take it thou, . . finding pure, from all those years,  
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight,  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

## SONNET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

O! were I loved as I desire to be,  
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,  
Or range of evil between death and birth,  
That I should fear—if I were loved by thee?  
All the inner, all the outer world of pain  
Clear love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert  
mine;  
As I have heard that somewhere in the main  
Fresh water springs come up through bitter brine.  
'T were joy, not fear, clasped hand in hand with  
thee,  
To wait for death—mute—careless of all ills,  
Apart upon a mountain, though the surge  
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills  
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge  
Below us, as far on as eye could see.

From the Transcript.

## ONE YEAR AGO!

Oh heart, to whose respondent thrill  
My own has answered beat for beat,  
Whose pulse has guided all my will,  
Whose love still tempts my wandering feet.

Oh precious mind, whose magic power  
By intuition's wondrous spell,  
Has read my thought in dangerous hour,  
While thine stood all revealed as well,—

Is it all o'er—that converse sweet?  
The lingering walk—the long adieu?  
Till in Eternity we meet,  
Must we still differing paths pursue?

What contrasts deep of joy and tears—  
What certain bliss—what heavy woe—  
What patient love—and harrowing fears,  
Since our first walk—one year ago!

From the North British Review.

*Remains, in Verse and Prose, of ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.* 1834. Privately printed.

In the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, are interred the mortal remains of Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of our great philosophic historian and critic, and that friend to whom "*In Memoriam*" is sacred. This place was selected by his father, not only from the connection of kindred, being the burial place of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, but on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel. This lone hill, with its humble old church, its outlook over the waste of waters, where go the ships, were, we doubt not, in Tennyson's mind, or eye, when these words, which contain the burden of that volume in which are enshrined so much of the deepest affection, poetry, philosophy, and godliness, rose into his mind;—

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill:  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

Out of these few simple words, deep, and melancholy, and sounding as the sea, as out of a well of living waters of love, flows forth all "*In Memoriam*," as a stream flows out of its spring—all is here. "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me,"—"the touch of the vanished hand—the sound of the voice that is still,"—the body and soul of his friend. Rising as it were out of the midst of the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, "the mountain infant to the sun comes forth like human life from darkness;" and how its waters flow on! carrying life, beauty, magnificence, shadows and happy lights, depths of blackness, depths clear as the very body of heaven. How it deepens as it goes, involving greater interests, larger views, "thoughts that wander through eternity," wider affections, but retaining its pure living waters, its unforgotten burden of joy and sorrow. How it visits every region! pleasant villages and farms, waste howling wildernesses, grim woods, *nemorumque noctem*, informed with spiritual fears, where they may be seen, if shapes they may be called—

Fear and trembling Hope,  
Silence and Foresight: Death the Skeleton,  
And Time the Shadow;

now within hearing of the Minster clock, now of the college bells, and the vague hum of the mighty city. And overhead through all its course the heaven with its clouds, its sun, moon, and stars;

but always, and in all places, declaring its source; and even when laying its burden of manifold and faithful affection at the feet of the Almighty Father, it still remembers whence it came.

That friend of mine who lives in God,  
That God which ever lives and loves;  
One God, one law, one element  
And one far off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

It is to that chancel, and to the day, 3d January, 1834, that he refers in poem xviii. of "*In Memoriam*."

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand  
Where he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were blest  
Among familiar names to rest,  
And in the places of his youth.

And again in xix.:

The Danube to the Severn gave  
The darkened heart that beat no more;  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a-day the Severn fills,  
The salt sea-water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills.

Here, too, it is, lxx.:

When on my bed the moonlight falls  
I know that in thy place of rest,  
By that broad water of the west;  
There comes a glory on the walls.

Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name,  
And o'er the number of thy years.

This young man, whose memory his friend has consecrated in the hearts of all who can be touched by such love and beauty, was in no wise unworthy of all this. It is not for us to say, for it was not given to us the sad privilege to know, all that a father's heart buried with his son in that grave, all the hopes of unaccomplished years; nor can we feel in its fulness all that is meant by

Such  
A friendship as had mastered Time;  
Which masters Time indeed, and is  
Eternal, separate from fears.  
The all-assuming months and years  
Can take no part away from this.

But this we may say, we know of nothing in all literature to compare with the volume from which these lines are taken, since David lamented with this lamentation: "The beauty of Israel is slain. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither rain upon you. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love for me was wonderful." We cannot, as some have done, compare it with Shakspeare's sonnets or "Lycidas." In spite of the amazing genius and tenderness, the never-wearying, all-involving reiteration of passionate attachment, the idolatry of admiring love, the rapturous devotedness, of one of the greatest beings which nature ever produced in the human form, displayed in the sonnets, we cannot but agree with Mr. Hallam in thinking, "that there is a



tendency now, especially among the young men of poetical tempers, to exaggerate the beauties of these remarkable productions;" and though we would hardly say with him, "that it is impossible not to wish that Shakspeare had never written them," giving us, as they do, and as perhaps nothing else could do, such proof of a power of loving, of an amount of *attendrisement*, which is not less wonderful than the bodying forth of that myriad-mind, which gave us Hamlet, and Lear, and Cordelia, and Puck, and all the rest, and which indeed explains to us how he could give us all these;—while we go hardly so far, we entirely agree with his other wise words:—"There is a weakness and folly in all misplaced and excessive affection;" which in Shakspeare's case is all the more distressing, when we consider that "Mr. W. H., the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets," was, in all likelihood, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a man of noble and gallant character, but always of licentious life.

As for Lycidas, we are obliged to confess that the poetry—and we all know how consummate it is—and not the affection, seems uppermost in Milton's mind, as it is in ours. The other element, though quick and true, has no glory through reason of the excellency of that which invests it. But there is no such drawback here. The purity, the temperate but fervent goodness, the firmness and depth of nature, the impassioned logic, the large, sensitive, and liberal heart, the reverence and godly fear, of

That friend of mine who lives in God,

which from these Remains we know to have dwelt in that young soul, give to "In Memoriam" the character of exactest portraiture. There is no excessive or misplaced affection here; it is all founded in fact; while everywhere and throughout it all, affection—a love that is wonderful—meets us first and leaves us last, gives form and substance and grace, and the breath of life and love, to everything that the poet's thick-coming fancies so exquisitely frame. We can remember few poems approaching to it in this quality of sustained affection. The only English poem, we can think of as of the same order, are Cowper's lines on seeing his mother's portrait:

O, that these lips had language!

Burns, to "Mary in Heaven;" and two pieces of Vaughan—one beginning

O, thou who know'st for whom I mourn;

And the other—

They are all gone into the world of light.

But our object now is, not so much to illustrate Mr. Tennyson's verses, as to introduce to our readers, what we ourselves have got so much delight and, we trust, profit from—the volume we have placed at the head of this notice. We had for many years been searching for it, but in vain; a sentence quoted by Henry Taylor, in his notes

on Life, struck us, and our desire was quickened by reading "In Memoriam." We do not know when we have been more impressed by anything than by these Remains of this young man, especially when taken along with his friend's Memorial; and instead of trying to tell our readers what this impression is, we have preferred giving them as copious extracts as our space allows, that they may judge and enjoy for themselves. The italics are all our own. We can promise them few finer, deeper, and better pleasures than reading, and detaining their minds over, these two books together, filling their hearts with the fulness of their grace and truth. They will see how accurate as well as how affectionate and "of imagination all compact" Tennyson is, and how worthy of all that he has said of him, that friend was, and we may add with still more significance *is*—knowing now, as he is known—being blessed in the vision of God. How the likeness is drawn, *ad vivum*!

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
He summons up remembrance of things past.

We do not know a more perfect illustration of that passage which we quoted in a former paper, and which we can hardly quote too often:

The idea of his life has sweetly crept  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of his life  
Has come apparelled in more precious habit,  
More moving delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospects of his soul,  
Than when he lived indeed.

The idea has been sown a natural body, and has been raised a spiritual body, but the identity is untouched; the countenance shines and the raiment is white and glistening, but it is the same face and form.

We have learned that it has pleased the Supreme Disposer, whose ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts, to remove Mr. Hallam's remaining son by a death equally sudden as Arthur's. We have also heard that he was in every way worthy of being his brother. May we hope that by and by, when he who has smitten shall have comforted, as He alone can, the honored and bereaved father will present to the world his Memorial of them both. In doing this we feel persuaded he will best honor them, and make them, even in death, to serve their Maker, and benefit mankind. For such a book as this we have quoted from, the full value of which, and of its author, can however only be understood by reading it through and through, is of no slender use in a country like ours. "It serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, as well as to detestation, and doth raise and erect the mind." We may say of him—

*Necesse est tanquam immaturam mortem ejus defleam; si tamen fas est aut flere, aut omnino mortem vocare, quâ tanti juvenis mortalitas magis finita quam vita est. Vivit enim, vixitque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit.*

Arthur Henry Hallam was born in Bedford Place,\* London, on the 1st of February, 1811. Very few years had elapsed before his parents observed strong indications of his future character, in a peculiar clearness of perception, a facility of acquiring knowledge, and, above all, in an undeviating sweetness of disposition, and adherence to his sense of what was right and becoming. As he advanced to another stage of childhood, it was rendered still more manifest that he would be distinguished from ordinary persons, by an increasing thoughtfulness, and a fondness for a class of books, which in general are so little intelligible to boys of his age, that they excite in them no kind of interest.

In the summer of 1818 he spent some months with his parents in Germany and Switzerland, and became familiar with the French language, which he had already learned to read with facility. He had gone through the elements of Latin before this time; but that language having been laid aside during his tour, it was found upon his return that, a variety of new scenes having effaced it from his memory, it was necessary to begin again with the first rudiments. He was nearly eight years old at this time; and in little more than twelve months he could read Latin with tolerable facility. In this period his mind was developing itself more rapidly than before; he now felt a keen relish for dramatic poetry, and wrote several tragedies, if we may so call them, either in prose or verse, with a more precocious display of talents than the editor remembers to have met with in any other individual. The natural pride, however, of his parents did not blind them to the uncertainty that belongs to all premature efforts of the mind; and they so carefully avoided everything like a boastful display of blossoms which, in many cases, have withered away in barren luxuriance, that the circumstance of these compositions was hardly ever mentioned out of their own family.

In the spring of 1820, Arthur was placed under the Rev. W. Carmalt at Putney, where he remained nearly two years. After leaving this school he went abroad again for some months; and in October, 1822, became the pupil of the Rev. E. C. Hawtrej, an assistant Master of Eton College. At Eton he continued till the summer of 1827. He was now become a good, though not perhaps a first-rate, scholar in the Latin and Greek languages. The loss of time, relatively to this object, in travelling, but far more his increasing avidity for a different kind of knowledge, and the strong bent of his mind to subjects which exercise other faculties than such as the acquirement of languages calls into play, will sufficiently account for what might seem a comparative deficiency in classical learning. It can only however be reckoned one, comparatively to his other attainments, and to his remarkable facility in mastering the modern languages. The editor has thought it not improper to print in the following pages an Eton exercise, which, as written before the age of fourteen, though not free from metrical and other errors, appears, perhaps to a partial judgment, far above the level of such compositions. It is remarkable that he should have selected the story of Ugolino, from a poet with whom, and with whose language, he was then but very slightly acquainted, but who

was afterwards to become, more perhaps than any other, the master-mover of his spirit. It may be added, that great judgment and taste are perceptible in this translation, which is by no means a literal one; and in which the phraseology of Sophocles is not ill substituted, in some passages, for that of Dante.

The Latin poetry of an Etonian is generally reckoned at that school, the chief test of his literary talent. That of Arthur was good without being excellent; he never wanted depth of thought or truth of feeling; but it is only in a few rare instances, if altogether in any, that an original mind has been known to utter itself freely and vigorously, without sacrifice of purity, in a language the capacities of which are so imperfectly understood; and in his productions there was not the thorough conformity to an ancient model which is required for perfect elegance in Latin verse. He took no great pleasure in this sort of composition; and perhaps never returned to it of his own accord.

In the latter part of his residence at Eton, he was led away more and more by the predominant bias of his mind, from the exclusive study of ancient literature. The poets of England, especially the older dramatists, came with greater attraction over his spirit. He loved Fletcher, and some of Fletcher's contemporaries, for their energy of language and intensity of feeling; but it was in Shakspeare alone that he found the fullness of soul which seemed to slake the thirst of his own rapidly expanding genius for an inexhaustible fountain of thought and emotion. He knew Shakspeare thoroughly; and indeed his acquaintance with the earlier poetry of this country was very extensive. Among the modern poets, Byron was, at this time, far above the rest, and almost exclusively, his favorite; a preference which, in later years, he transferred altogether to Wordsworth and Shelley.

He became, when about fifteen years old, a member of the debating society established among the elder boys, in which he took great interest; and this served to confirm the bias of his intellect towards the moral and political philosophy of modern times. It was probably, however, of important utility in giving him that command of his own language which he possessed, as the following Essays will show, in a very superior degree, and in exercising those powers of argumentative discussion, which now displayed themselves as eminently characteristic of his mind. It was a necessary consequence that he declined still more from the usual paths of study, and abated perhaps somewhat of his regard for the writers of antiquity. It must not be understood, nevertheless, as most of those who read these pages will be aware, that he ever lost his sensibility to those ever-living effusions of genius which the ancient languages preserve. He loved Æschylus and Sophocles, (to Euripides he hardly did justice,) Lucretius and Virgil; if he did not seem so much drawn towards Homer as might at first be expected, this may probably be accounted for by his increasing taste for philosophical poetry.

In the early part of 1827, Arthur took a part in the Eton Miscellany, a periodical publication, in which some of his friends in the debating society were concerned. He wrote in this, besides a few papers in prose, a little poem on a story connected with the Lake of Killarney. It has not been thought by the editor advisable, upon the whole, to reprint these lines; though, in his opinion, they bear very striking marks of superior powers. This was al-

\* Dark house, by which once more I stand  
Here in the long unlovely street;  
Doors, where my heart was wont to beat  
So quickly, waiting for a hand.

*In Memoriam.*

most the first poetry that Arthur had written, except the childish tragedies above mentioned. No one was ever less inclined to the trick of versifying. Poetry with him was not an amusement, but the natural and almost necessary language of genuine emotion; and it was not till the discipline of serious reflection and the approach of manhood, gave a reality and intenseness to such emotions, that he learned the capacities of his own genius. That he was a poet by nature, these Remains will sufficiently prove; but certainly he was far removed from a versifier by nature; nor was he probably able to perform, what he scarce ever attempted, to write easily and elegantly on an ordinary subject. The lines on the story of Pygmalion, are so far an exception, that they arose out of a momentary amusement of society; but he could not avoid, even in these, his own grave tone of poetry.

Upon leaving Eton in the summer of 1827, he accompanied his parents to the Continent, and passed eight months in Italy. This introduction to new scenes of nature and art, and to new sources of intellectual delight, at the very period of transition from boyhood to youth, sealed no doubt the peculiar character of his mind, and taught him, too soon for his peace, to sound those depths of thought and feeling, from which, after this time, all that he wrote was derived. He had, when he passed the Alps, only a moderate acquaintance with the Italian language; but during his residence in the country, he came to speak it with perfect fluency, and with a pure Siendese pronunciation. In its study he was much assisted by his friend and instructor, the Abbate Pifferi, who encouraged him to his first attempts at versification. The few sonnets, which are now printed, were, it is to be remembered, written by a foreigner, hardly seventeen years old, and after a very short stay in Italy. The editor might not, probably, have suffered them to appear, even in this private manner, upon his own judgment. But he knew that the greatest living writer of Italy, to whom they were shown some time since at Milan, by the author's excellent friend, Mr. Richard Milnes, has expressed himself in terms of high approbation.

The growing intimacy of Arthur with Italian poetry led him naturally to that of Dante. No poet was so congenial to the character of his own reflective mind; in none other could he so abundantly find that disdain of flowery redundancy, that perpetual reference of the sensible to the ideal, that aspiration for somewhat better and less fleeting than earthly things, to which his inmost soul responded. Like all genuine worshippers of the great Florentine poet, he rated the *Inferno* below the two later portions of the *Divina Commedia*; there was nothing even to revolt his taste, but rather much to attract it, in the scholastic theology and mystic visions of the *Paradiso*. Petrarch he greatly admired, though with less idolatry than Dante; and the sonnets here printed will show to all competent judges how fully he had imbibed the spirit, without servile centonism, of the best writers in that style of composition who flourished in the 16th century.

But poetry was not an absorbing passion at this time in his mind. His eyes were fixed on the best pictures with silent intense delight. He had a deep and just perception of what was beautiful in this art; at least in its higher schools; for he did not pay much regard, or perhaps quite do justice, to the masters of the 17th century. To

technical criticism he made no sort of pretension painting was to him but the visible language of emotion; and where it did not aim at exciting it, or employed inadequate means, his admiration would be withheld. Hence he highly prized the ancient paintings, both Italian and German, of the age which preceded the full development of art. But he was almost as enthusiastic an admirer of the Venetian as of the Tuscan and Roman schools; considering these masters as reaching the same end by the different agencies of form and color. This predilection for the sensitive beauties of painting is somewhat analogous to his fondness for harmony of verse, on which he laid more stress than poets so thoughtful are apt to do. In one of the last days of his life, he lingered long among the fine Venetian pictures of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna.

He returned to England in June, 1828; and, in the following October, went down to reside at Cambridge; having been entered on the boards of Trinity College before his departure to the Continent. He was the pupil of the Rev. William Whewell. In some respects, as soon became manifest, he was not formed to obtain great academical reputation. An acquaintance with the learned languages, considerable at the school where he was educated, but not improved, to say the least, by the intermission of a year, during which his mind had been so occupied by other pursuits, that he had thought little of antiquity even in Rome itself, though abundantly sufficient for the gratification of taste and the acquisition of knowledge, was sure to prove inadequate to the searching scrutiny of modern examinations. He soon, therefore, saw reason to renounce all competition of this kind; nor did he ever so much as attempt any Greek or Latin composition during his stay at Cambridge. In truth, he was very indifferent to success of this kind; and conscious as he must have been of a high reputation among his contemporaries, he could not think that he stood in need of any University distinctions. The editor became by degrees almost equally indifferent to what he perceived to be so uncongenial to Arthur's mind. It was, however, to be regretted that he never paid the least attention to mathematical studies. That he should not prosecute them with the diligence usual at Cambridge, was of course to be expected; yet his clearness and acumen would certainly have enabled him to master the principles of geometrical reasoning; nor, in fact, did he so much find a difficulty in apprehending demonstrations, as a want of interest, and a consequent inability to retain them in his memory. A little more practice in the strict logic of geometry, a little more familiarity with the physical laws of the universe, and the phenomena to which they relate, would possibly have repressed the tendency to vague and mystical speculations which he was too fond of indulging. In the philosophy of the human mind, he was in no danger of the materializing theories of some ancient and modern schools; but in shunning this extreme, he might sometimes forget that, in the honest pursuit of truth, we can shut our eyes to no real phenomena, and that the physiology of man must always enter into any valid scheme of his psychology.

The comparative inferiority which he might show in the usual trials of knowledge, sprung in a great measure from the want of a prompt and accurate memory. It was the faculty wherein he shone the least, according to ordinary observation; though his

very extensive reach of literature, and his rapidity in acquiring languages, sufficed to prove that it was capable of being largely exercised. He could remember anything, as a friend observed to the editor, that was associated with an idea. But he seemed, at least after he reached manhood, to want almost wholly the power, so common with inferior understandings, of retaining with regularity and exactness, a number of unimportant uninteresting particulars. It would have been nearly impossible to make him recollect for three days the date of the battle of Marathon, or the names in order of the Athenian months. Nor could he repeat poetry, much as he loved it, with the correctness often found in young men. It is not improbable that a more steady discipline in early life would have strengthened this faculty, or that he might have supplied its deficiency by some technical devices; but where the higher powers of intellect were so extraordinarily manifested, it would have been preposterous to complain of what may perhaps have been a necessary consequence of their amplitude, or at least a natural result of their exercise.

But another reason may be given for his deficiency in those unremitting labors which the course of academical education, in the present times, is supposed to exact from those who aspire to its distinctions. In the first year of his residence at Cambridge, symptoms of disordered health, especially in the circulatory system, began to show themselves; and it is by no means improbable that these were indications of a tendency to derangement of the vital functions, which became ultimately fatal. A too rapid determination of blood towards the brain, with its concomitant uneasy sensations, rendered him frequently incapable of mental fatigue. He had indeed once before, at Florence, been affected by symptoms not unlike these. His intensity of reflection and feeling also brought on occasionally a considerable depression of spirits, which had been painfully observed at times by those who watched him most, from the time of his leaving Eton, and even before. It was not till after several months that he regained a less morbid condition of mind and body. The same irregularity of circulation returned again in the next spring, but was of less duration. During the third year of his Cambridge life, he appeared in much better health.

In this year (1831) he obtained the first college prize for an English declamation. The subject chosen by him was the conduct of the Independent party during the civil war. This exercise was greatly admired at the time, but was never printed. In consequence of this success, it became incumbent on him, according to the custom of the college, to deliver an oration in the chapel immediately before the Christmas vacation of the same year. On this occasion he selected a subject very congenial to his own turn of thought and favorite study, the Influence of Italian upon English Literature. He had previously gained another prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero. This essay is perhaps too excursive from the prescribed subject; but his mind was so deeply imbued with the higher philosophy, especially that of Plato, with which he was very conversant, that he could not be expected to dwell much on the praises of Cicero in that respect.

Though the bent of Arthur's mind by no means inclined him to strict research into facts, he was full as much conversant with the great features of ancient and modern history, as from the course of his other studies and the habits of his life it was possible to

expect. He reckoned them, as great minds always do, the groundworks of moral and political philosophy, and took no pains to acquire any knowledge of this sort from which a principle could not be derived or illustrated. To some parts of English history, and to that of the French revolution, he had paid considerable attention. He had not read nearly so much of the Greek and Latin historians as of the philosophers and poets. In the history of literary, and especially of philosophical and religious opinions, he was deeply versed, as much so as it is possible to apply that term at his age. The following pages exhibit proofs of an acquaintance, not crude or superficial, with that important branch of literature.

His political judgments were invariably prompted by his strong sense of right and justice. These, in so young a person, were naturally rather fluctuating, and subject to the correction of advancing knowledge and experience. Ardent in the cause of those he deemed to be oppressed, of which, in one instance, he was led to give a proof with more of energy and enthusiasm than discretion, he was deeply attached to the ancient institutions of his country.

He spoke French readily, though with less elegance than Italian, till from disuse he lost much of his fluency in the latter. In his last fatal tour in Germany, he was rapidly acquiring a readiness in the language of that country. The whole range of French literature was almost as familiar to him as that of England.

The society in which Arthur lived most intimately, at Eton and at the University, was formed of young men, eminent for natural ability, and for delight in what he sought above all things, the knowledge of truth, and the perception of beauty. They who loved and admired him living, and who now revere his sacred memory, as of one to whom, in the fondness of regret, they admit of no rival, know best what he was in the daily commerce of life; and his eulogy should, on every account, better come from hearts, which, if partial, have been rendered so by the experience of friendship, not by the affection of nature.

Arthur left Cambridge on taking his degree in January, 1832. He resided from that time with the editor in London, having been entered on the boards of the Inner Temple. It was greatly the desire of the editor that he should engage himself in the study of the law; not merely with professional views, but as a useful discipline for a mind too much occupied with habits of thought, which, ennobling and important as they are, could not but separate him from the every-day business of life; and might, by their excess, in his susceptible temperament, be productive of considerable mischief. He had, during the previous long vacation, read with the editor the Institutes of Justinian, and the two works of Heineccius which illustrate them; and he now went through Blackstone's Commentaries, with as much of other law-books, as in the editor's judgment was required for a similar purpose. It was satisfactory at that time to perceive that, far from showing any of that distaste for legal studies which might have been anticipated from some parts of his intellectual character, he entered upon them not only with great acuteness, but considerable interest. In the month of October, 1832, he began to see the practical application of legal knowledge in the office of an eminent conveyancer, Mr. Walters, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with whom he continued till his departure from England in the following summer.



It was not, however, to be expected, or even desired, by any who knew how to value him, that he should at once abandon those habits of study which had fertilized and invigorated his mind. But he now, from some change or other in his course of thinking, ceased in a great measure to write poetry, and expressed to more than one friend an intention to give it up. The instances after his leaving Cambridge were few. The dramatic scene between Raffaele and Fiammetta was written in 1832; and about the same time he had a design to translate the *Vita Nuova* of his favorite Dante; a work which he justly prized, as the development of that immense genius, in a kind of autobiography, which best prepares us for a real insight into the *Divine Comedy*. He rendered accordingly into verse most of the sonnets which the *Vita Nuova* contains; but the editor does not believe that he made any progress in the prose translation. These sonnets appearing rather too literal, and consequently harsh, it has not been thought worth while to print.

In the summer of 1832, the appearance of Professor Rossetti's "*Disquisizioni sullo spirito Antipapale*," in which the writings of Arthur's beloved masters, Dante and Petrarch, as well as most of the mediæval literature of Italy, were treated as a series of enigmas, to be understood only by a key that discloses a latent carbonarism, a secret conspiracy against the religion of their age, excited him to publish his own Remarks in reply. It seemed to him the worst of poetical heresies to desert the Absolute, the Universal, the Eternal, the Beautiful and True, which the Platonic spirit of his literary creed taught him to seek in all the higher works of genius, in quest of some temporary historical allusion, which could be of no interest with posterity. Nothing, however, could be more alien from his courteous disposition than to abuse the license of controversy, or to treat with intentional disrespect a very ingenious person, who had been led on too far in pursuing a course of interpretation, which, within certain much narrower limits, it is impossible for any one conversant with history not to admit.

A very few other anonymous writings occupied his leisure about this time. Among these were slight memoirs of Petrarch, Voltaire and Burke, for the Gallery of Portraits, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.\* His time was however principally devoted, when not engaged at his office, to metaphysical researches, and to the history of philosophical opinions.

From the latter part of his residence at Cambridge, a gradual but very perceptible improvement in the cheerfulness of his spirits gladdened his family and his friends; intervals there doubtless were, when the continual seriousness of his habits

\*We had read these lives, and had remarked them before we knew whose they were, as being of rare merit. No one could suppose they were written by one so young. We give his estimate of the character of Burke. "The mind of this great man may, perhaps, be taken as a representation of the general characteristics of the English intellect. Its groundwork was solid, practical, and conversant with the details of business; but upon this, and secured by this, arose a superstructure of imagination and moral sentiment. He saw little, because it was painful to him to see anything beyond the limits of the national character. In all things, while he deeply revered principles, he chose to deal with the concrete rather than with abstractions. He studied men rather than man." The words in italics imply an insight into the deepest springs of human action, the conjunct causes of what we call character, such as few men of large experience can attain.

of thought, or the force of circumstances, threw something more of gravity into his demeanor; but in general he was animated and even gay; renewing or preserving his intercourse with some of those he had most valued at Eton and Cambridge. The symptoms of deranged circulation, which had manifested themselves before, ceased to appear, or at least so as to excite his own attention; and though it struck those who were most anxious in watching him, that his power of enduring fatigue was not quite so great as from his frame of body and apparent robustness might have been anticipated, nothing gave the least indication of danger, either to their eyes or to those of the medical practitioners who were in the habit of observing him. An attack of intermittent fever, during the prevalent influenza of the spring of 1833, may perhaps have disposed his constitution to the last fatal blow.

To any one who has watched the history of the disease by which "so quick this bright thing came to confusion," and who knows how near its coming must often, perhaps all his life, have been to that eternity which occupied so much of his thoughts and desires, and the secrets of which were so soon to be open to his young eyes, there is something very touching in this account. Such a state of health would enhance, and tend to produce, by the sensations proper to such a condition, that habitual seriousness of thought, that sober judgment, and that tendency to look at the true life of things—that deep but gentle and calm sadness, and that occasional sinking of the heart, which make his noble and strong inner nature, his resolved mind, so much more impressive and endearing.

This feeling of personal insecurity—of life being ready to slip away—the sensation that this world and its ongoing, its mighty interests, and delicate joys, is ready to be shut up in a moment—this instinctive apprehension of the peril of vehement bodily enjoyment—all this would tend to make him "walk softly," and to keep him from much of the evil that is in the world, and live soberly, righteously and godly even in the bright and rich years of his youth. His power of giving himself up to the search after absolute truth and of Supreme goodness, must have been helped by this same organization. But all this delicate feeling, this fineness of sense, did rather increase the power and fervor of the indwelling soul—the *τι θεϊκὸν πνεῦμα* that burned within. In the quaint words of Vaughan, it was "manhood with a female eye." These two conditions must, as we have said, have made him dear indeed. And by a beautiful law of life, having that organ out of which are the issues of life, under a sort of perpetual nearness to suffering, and so liable to pain, he would be more easily moved for others—more alive to their pain—more filled with fellow-feeling.

The editor cannot dwell on anything later. Arthur accompanied him to Germany in the beginning of August. In returning to Vienna from Pesth, a wet day probably gave rise to an intermittent fever, with very slight symptoms, and apparently subsiding, when a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life on the fifteenth of September, 1833. The mysteri-

ousness of such a dreadful termination to a disorder, generally of so little importance, and in this instance of the slightest kind, has been diminished by an examination which showed a weakness of the cerebral vessels, and a want of sufficient energy in the heart. Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears, and whose hopes on this side the tomb are broken down forever, may cling, as well as they can, to the poor consolation of believing, that a few more years would, in the usual chances of humanity, have severed the frail union of his graceful and manly form with the pure spirit that it enshrined.

The remains of Arthur were brought to England, and interred on the third of January, 1834, in the chancel of Clevedon Church in Somersetshire, belonging to his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton; a place selected by the editor, not only from the connexion of kindred, but on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel.

More ought, perhaps, to be said—but it is very difficult to proceed. From the earliest years of this extraordinary young man his premature abilities were not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition, sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in that season of life. The sweetness of temper which distinguished his childhood, became with the advance of manhood an habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of love towards God and man, which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life, and to which most of the following compositions bear such emphatic testimony. He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world; and in bowing to the mysterious will which has in mercy removed him, perfected by so short a trial, and passing over the bridge which separates the seen from the unseen life, in a moment, and, as we may believe, without a moment's pang, we must feel not only the bereavement of those to whom he was dear, but the loss which mankind have sustained by the withdrawing of such a light.

A considerable portion of the poetry contained in this volume was printed in the year 1830, and was intended by the author to be published together with the poems of his intimate friend, Mr. Alfred Tennyson. They were, however, withheld from publication at the request of the editor. The poem of Timbucto was written for the University prize in 1829, which it did not obtain. Notwithstanding its too great obscurity, the subject itself being hardly indicated, and the extremely hyperbolic importance which the author's brilliant fancy has attached to a nest of barbarians, no one can avoid admiring the grandeur of his conceptions, and the deep philosophy upon which he has built the scheme of his poem. This is, however, by no means the most pleasing of his compositions. It is in the profound reflection, the melancholy tenderness, and the religious sanctity of other effusions that a lasting charm will be found. A commonplace subject, such as those announced for academical prizes generally are, was incapable of exciting a mind, which, beyond almost every other, went straight to the furthest depths that the human intellect can fathom, or from which human feelings can be drawn. Many short poems, of equal beauty with those here printed, have been deemed unfit even for the limited circulation they might obtain, on account of their unveiling more of emotion, than,

consistently with what is due to him and to others, could be exposed to view.

The two succeeding essays have never been printed; but were read, it is believed, in a literary society at Trinity College, or in one to which he afterwards belonged in London. That entitled *Theodicea Novissima* is printed at the desire of some of his intimate friends. A few expressions in it want his usual precision; and there are ideas which he might have seen cause, in the lapse of time, to modify, independently of what his very acute mind would probably have perceived, that his hypothesis, like that of Leibnitz, on the origin of evil, resolves itself at last into an unproved assumption of its necessity. It has, however, some advantages, which need not be mentioned, over that of Leibnitz; and it is here printed, not as a solution of the greatest mystery of the universe, but as most characteristic of the author's mind, original and sublime, uniting, what is very rare except in early youth, a fearless and unblenching spirit of inquiry into the highest objects of speculation, with the most humble and reverential piety. It is probable that in many of his views on such topics he was influenced by the writings of Jonathan Edwards, with whose opinions on metaphysical and moral subjects he seems generally to have concurred.

The extract from a review of Tennyson's poems in a publication now extinct, the *Englishman's Magazine*, is also printed at the suggestion of a friend. The pieces that follow are reprints, and have been already mentioned in this Memoir.

We have given this Memoir entire, both for the sake of its subject and its manner—of the father and the son. There is something very touching in the paternal composure, the judiciousness, the truthfulness, where truth is so difficult to reach through tears, the calm estimate and the subdued tenderness; the ever rising but ever restrained emotion; the father's heart throbs throughout, refusing to be comforted, but it is dumb. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Hallam may have had this great affliction—this event which took away the desire of his eyes with a stroke—in his mind, when he wrote these pathetic words, in the Preface to his Introduction to the Literature of Europe—"but I have other warnings to bind up my sheaves as I may; my own advancing years, and the gathering in the Heavens."

We wish we could have given in full the letters from Arthur's friends, which his father has incorporated in the Memoir. They all bring out, in various but harmonious ways, his extraordinary moral and intellectual worth, his rare beauty of character, and their love for him.

The following extract from one seems to us very interesting:—"Outwardly I do not think there was anything remarkable in his habits, except an *irregularity with regard to times and places of study*, which may seem surprising in one whose progress in so many directions was so eminently great and rapid. *He was commonly to be found in some friend's room, reading or canvassing.* I dare say he lost something by this irregularity, but less than perhaps one would at first imagine. I never saw him idle. He might

seem to be lounging, as only amusing himself, but his mind was always active, and active for good. In fact, his energy and quickness of apprehension, did not stand in need of outward aid." There is much in this worthy of more extended notice. Such minds as his probably grow best in this way, are best left to themselves, to glide on at their own sweet wills; the stream was too deep and clear, and perhaps too entirely bent on its own errand, to be dealt with or regulated by any art or device. The same friend sums up his character thus:—"I have met with no man his superior in metaphysical subtlety; no man his equal as a philosophical critic on works of taste; no man whose views on all subjects connected with the duties and dignities of humanity were more large, and generous, and enlightened." And all this said of a youth of twenty—*heu nimum brevis ævi decus et desiderium!*

We have given little of his verse; and what we do give is taken at random. We agree entirely in his father's estimate of his poetical gift and art; but his mind was too serious, too thoughtful, too intensely dedicated to truth and the God of truth, to linger long in pursuit of beauty; he was on his way to God, and could rest in nothing short of that; otherwise he might have been a poet of genuine excellence.

Dark, dark, yea, "irrecoverably dark,"  
Is the soul's eye; yet how it strives and battles  
Through th' impenetrable gloom to fix  
That master light, the secret truth of things,  
Which is the body of the infinite God!

Sure, we are leaves of one harmonious bower,  
Fed by a sap that never will be scant,  
All-permeating, all-producing mind;  
And in our several parcellings of doom  
We but fulfil the beauty of the whole.  
Oh madness! if a leaf should dare complain  
Of its dark verdure, and aspire to be  
The gayer, brighter thing that wantons near.

Oh blessing and delight of my young heart,  
Maiden, who wast so lovely, and so pure,  
I know not in what region now thou art,  
Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.  
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,  
Not the old faces which we both did love  
Not the old books, whence knowledge we did  
gather,  
Not these, but others now thy fancies move.  
I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,  
All thy companions with their pleasant talk,  
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears;  
So, though in body absent, I might walk  
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood  
Did sanctify mine own to peerless good.

Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,  
Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall  
On a quaint bench, which to that structure old  
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head  
*Dilates immeasurably a wild of leaves,*  
Seeming received into the blue expanse  
That vaults this summer noon.

Still here—thou hast not faded from my sight,  
Nor all the music round thee from mine ear:  
Still grace flows from thee to the brightening year,

*And all the birds laugh out in wealthier light.*

Still am I free to close my happy eyes,  
And paint upon the gloom thy mimic form,  
That soft white neck, that cheek in beauty warm,  
And brow half hidden where yon ringlet lies:  
With, oh! the blissful knowledge all the while  
That I can lift at will each curved lid,  
And my fair dream most highly realize.  
The time will come, 'tis ushered by my sighs,  
When I may shape the dark, but vainly bid  
True light restore that form, those looks, that  
smile.

The garden trees are busy with the shower  
That fell ere sunset: now methinks they talk,  
Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,  
One to another down the grassy walk.  
Hark the laburnum from his opening flower  
This cherry creeper greets in whisper light,  
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,  
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.\*  
What shall I deem their converse? would they hail  
The wild grey light that fronts yon massive cloud,  
Or the half bow, rising like pillared fire?  
Or are they sighing faintly for desire  
That with May dawn their leaves may be o'er-  
flowed,  
And dew about their feet may never fail.

In the Essay, entitled "Theodicæa Novissima," from which the following passages are taken to the great injury of its general effect, he sets himself to the task of going as far as he can in clearing up the mystery of the existence of such a thing as sin and suffering, in the universe of a being like God. He does it fearlessly, but like a child. It is in the spirit of his friend's words,—

An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry.

Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near.

It is not a mere exercitation of the intellect, it is an endeavor to get nearer God—to assert his eternal Providence, and vindicate his ways to men. We know no performance more wonderful for such a boy. Pascal might have written it. As might be expected, the tremendous subject remains where he found it—his glowing love and genius cast a gleam here and there across its gloom; but it is brief as the lightning in the collied night—the jaws of darkness do devour it up—this secret belongs to God. Across it, deep and dazzling darkness, and from out its abyss of thick clouds, "all dark, dark, irrecoverably dark," no steady ray has ever, or will ever come—over its face its own darkness must brood, till He to whom alone the darkness and the light are both alike, to whom the night shineth as the day, says, "Let there be light!" There is, we confess, an awful attraction, a nameless charm for all thoughtful spirits, in this mystery; and it is well for us at times, so that we

\* This will remind the reader of a fine passage in "Edwin the Fair," on the specific differences in the sounds of the trees moved by the wind; and of some lines by Landor on flowers speaking to each other; and of something more exquisite than either in "Consuelo"—the description of the flowers in the old monastic garden.

have pure eyes and a clean heart, to turn aside and look into its gloom, but it is not good to busy ourselves in clever speculations about it, or deftly to criticize the speculations of others—it is a wise and pious saying of Augustin, *Verius cogitatur Deus, quam dicitur; et verius est quam cogitatur.*

I wish to be understood as considering Christianity in the present Essay rather in its relation to the intellect, as constituting the higher philosophy, than in its far more important bearing upon the hearts and destinies of us all. I shall propose the question in this form, "Is there ground for believing that the existence of moral evil is absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of God's essential love for Christ?"

Can man by searching find out God? I believe not. I believe that the unassisted efforts of man's reason have not established the existence and attributes of Deity on so sure a basis as the Deist imagines. However sublime may be the notion of a supreme original mind, and however naturally human feelings adhered to it, the reasons by which it was justified were not, in my opinion, sufficient to clear it from considerable doubt and confusion. \* \* \* I hesitate not to say that I derive from Revelation a conviction of Theism, which without that assistance would have been but a dark and ambiguous hope. *I see that the Bible fits into every fold of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe it to be God's book because it is man's book.* It is true that the Bible affords me no additional means of demonstrating the falsity of Atheism; *if mind had nothing to do with the formation of the Universe, doubtless whatever had was competent also to make the Bible;* but I have gained this advantage, that my feelings and thoughts can no longer refuse their assent to *what is evidently framed to engage that assent; and what is it to me that I cannot disprove the bare logical possibility of my whole nature being fallacious? To seek for a certainty above certainty, an evidence beyond necessary belief, is the very lunacy of scepticism:* we must trust our own faculties, or we can put no trust in anything, save that moment we call the present, which escapes us while we articulate its name. *I am determined therefore to receive the Bible as divinely authorized, and the scheme of human and divine things which it contains, as essentially true.*

I may further observe, that however much we should rejoice to discover that the eternal scheme of God, the necessary completion, let us remember, of His Almighty Nature, did not require the absolute perdition of any spirit called by Him into existence, we are certainly not entitled to consider the perpetual misery of many individuals as incompatible with sovereign love.

In the Supreme Nature those two capacities of Perfect Love and Perfect Joy are indivisible. Holiness and Happiness, says an old divine, are two several notions of one thing. Equally inseparable are the notions of Opposition to Love and Opposition to Bliss. *Unless therefore the heart of a created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable.* Moreover, there is no possibility of continuing forever partly with God and partly against him; we must either be capable by our nature of entire accordance with His will, or we must be incapable of anything but misery, further than He may for a while "not impute our trespasses to us," that is, He may interpose some temporary barrier between sin and its attendant pain. *For in the Eternal Idea of God a created spirit is perhaps*

*not seen, as a series of successive states, of which some that are evil might be compensated by others that are good, but as one indivisible object of these almost infinitely divisible modes, and that either in accordance with His own nature, or in opposition to it. \* \* \**

Before the Gospel was preached to man, how could a human soul have this love, and this consequent life? I see no way; but now that Christ has excited our love for him by showing unutterable love for us; now that we know him as an Elder Brother, a being of like thoughts, feelings, sensations, sufferings, with ourselves, it has become possible to love as God loves, that is, to love Christ, and thus to become united in heart to God. Besides Christ is the express image of God's person; in loving him we are sure we are in a state of readiness to love the Father, whom we see, he tells us, when we see him. Nor is this all; the tendency of love is towards a union so intimate as virtually to amount to identification; when then by affection towards Christ we have become blended with his being, the beams of Eternal love falling, as ever, on the one beloved object, will include us in him, and their returning flashes of love out of his personality will carry along with them some from our own, since ours has become confused with his, and so shall we be one with Christ and through Christ with God. Thus then we see the great effect of the Incarnation, as far as our nature is concerned, *was to render human love for the Most High a possible thing.* The law had said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength;" and could men have lived by law, "which is the strength of sin," verily righteousness and life would have been by that law. But it was not possible, and all were concluded under sin, that in Christ might be the deliverance of all. I believe that Redemption is universal, in so far as it left no obstacle between man and God, but man's own will; that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abyssal secrets of personality; but as far as Christ is concerned, his death was for all, since his intentions and affections were equally directed to all, and "none who come to him will be in any wise cast out."

I deprecate any hasty rejection of these thoughts as novelties. Christianity is indeed, as St. Augustin says, "*pulchritudo tam antiqua;*" but he adds, "*tam nova,*" and it is capable of presenting to every mind a new face of truth. The great doctrine, which in my judgment these observations tend to strengthen and illumine, *the doctrine of personal love for a personal God,* is assuredly no novelty, but has in all times been the vital principle of the Church. Many are the forms of antichristian heresy, which for a season have depressed and obscured that principle of life; but its nature is conflictive and resurgent; and neither the Papal Hierarchy with its pomp of systematized errors, nor the worse apostasy of latitudinarian Protestantism, have ever so far prevailed, but that many from age to age have proclaimed and vindicated the eternal Gospel of love, believing, as I also firmly believe, that any opinion which tends to keep out of sight the living and loving God, whether it substitute for Him an idol, an occult agency, or a formal creed, can be nothing better than a vain and portentous shadow projected from the selfish darkness of unregenerate man.

The following is from the review of Tennyson's



Poems; we do not know that during the lapse of eighteen years anything better has been said—

Undoubtedly the true poet addresses himself, in all his conceptions, to the common nature of us all. Art is a lofty tree, and may shoot up far beyond our grasp, but its roots are in daily life and experience. Every bosom contains the elements of those complex emotions which the artist feels, and every head can, to a certain extent, go over in itself the process of their combination, so as to understand his expressions and sympathize with his state. *But this requires exertion*; more or less, indeed, according to the difference of occasion, but always some degree of exertion. For since the emotions of the poet, during composition, follow a regular law of association, it follows that to accompany their progress up to the harmonious prospect of the whole, and to perceive the proper dependence of every step on that which preceded, it is absolutely necessary to start from the same point, i. e., clearly to apprehend that leading sentiment of the poet's mind, by their conformity to which the host of suggestions are arranged. *Now this requisite exertion is not willingly made by the large majority of readers. It is so easy to judge capriciously, and according to indolent impulse!*

Those different powers of poetic disposition, the energies of Sensitive, of Reflective, of Passionate Emotion, which in former times were intermingled, and derived from mutual support an extensive empire over the feelings of men, were now restrained within separate spheres of agency. The whole system no longer worked harmoniously, and by intrinsic harmony acquired external freedom; but there arose a violent and unusual action in the several component functions, each for itself, all striving to reproduce the regular power which the whole had once enjoyed. *Hence the melancholy which so evidently characterizes the spirit of modern poetry*; hence that return of the mind upon itself, and the habit of seeking relief in idiosyncrasies rather than community of interest. *In the old times the poetic impulse went along with the general impulse of the nation.*

One of the faithful Islâm, a poet in the truest and highest sense, we are anxious to present to our readers. \* \* \* He sees all the forms of Nature with the "*eruditus oculus*," and his ear has a fairy fineness. There is a *strange earnestness in his worship of beauty*, which throws a charm over his impassioned song, more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. We think that he has more definiteness and roundness of general conception, than the late Mr. Keats, and is much more free from blemishes of diction and hasty capricious of fancy. \* \* \* The author imitates nobody; *we recognize the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer*. His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Ferdusi or Calidasa. We have remarked five distinctive excellences of his own manner. First his luxuriance of imagination, and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment, that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he

holds all of them fused, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought, implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive, to our minds, than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart.

What follows is well said.

And is it not a noble thing, that the English tongue is, as it were, the common focus and point of union to which opposite beauties converge? Is it a trifle that we temper energy with softness, strength with flexibility, capaciousness of sound with pliancy of idiom? Some I know, insensible to these virtues, and ambitious of I know not what unattainable decomposition, prefer to utter funeral praises over the grave of departed Anglo-Saxon, or, starting with convulsive shudder, are ready to leap from surrounding Latinisms into the kindred, sympathetic arms of modern German. For myself, I neither share their regret, nor their terror. Willing at all times to pay filial homage to the shades of Hengist and Horsa, and to admit they have laid the base of our compound language; or, if you will, have prepared the soil from which the chief nutriment of the goody tree, our British oak, must be derived, I am yet proud to confess that I look with sentiments more exulting and more reverential to the bonds by which the law of the universe has fastened me to my distant brethren of the same Caucasian race; to the privileges which I, an inhabitant of the gloomy North, share in common with climates imparadised in perpetual summer, to the universality and efficacy resulting from blended intelligence, which, while it endears in our eyes the land of our fathers as a seat of peculiar blessing, tends to elevate and expand our thoughts into communion with humanity at large; and, in the "sublimar spirit" of the poet, to make us feel

That God is everywhere—the God who framed  
Mankind to be one mighty family,  
Himself our Father, and the world our home.

This is finely said of Petrarch—

But it is not so much to his direct adoptions that I refer, as to the general modulation of thought, that clear softness of his images, that energetic self-possession of his conceptions, and that melodious repose in which are held together all the emotions he delineates.

Every one who knows anything of himself, and of the history of his race, will acknowledge the wisdom of what follows—there is much in it suited to our present need—

*I do not hesitate to express my conviction, that the spirit of the critical philosophy, as seen by its fruits in all the ramifications of art, literature, and morality, is as much more dangerous than the spirit of mechanical philosophy, as it is fairer in appearance, and more capable of alliance with our natural feelings of enthusiasm and delight. Its dangerous tendency is this, that it perverts those very minds, whose office it was to resist the perverse impulses of society, and to proclaim truth under the dominion of falsehood. However precipitate may be at any time the current of public opinion, bearing along*

the mass of men to the grosser agitations of life, and to such schemes of belief as make these the prominent object, *there will always be in reserve a force of antagonist opinion, strengthened by opposition, and attesting the sanctity of those higher principles, which are despised or forgotten by the majority.* These men are secured by natural temperament, and peculiar circumstances, from participating in the common delusion; but if some other and deeper fallacy be invented; if some more subtle beast of the field should speak to them in wicked flattery; if a digest of intellectual aphorisms can be substituted in their minds for a code of living truths, and the lovely semblances of beauty, truth, affection, can be made first to obscure the presence, and then to conceal the loss, of that religious humility, without which, as their central life, all these are but dreadful shadows; if so fatal a stratagem can be successfully practised, I see not what hope remains for a people against whom the gates of hell have so prevailed.

But the number of pure artists is small; few souls are so finely tempered as to preserve the delicacy of meditative feeling, untainted by the allurements of accidental suggestion. The voice of the critical conscience is still and small, like that of the moral; it cannot entirely be stifled where it has been heard, but it may be disobeyed. Temptations are never wanting; some immediate and temporary effect can be produced at less expense of inward exertion than the high and more ideal effect which art demands; it is much easier to pander to the ordinary and often recurring wish for excitement, than to promote the rare and difficult intuition of beauty. *To raise the many to his own real point of view, the artist must employ his energies, and create energy in others: to descend to their position is less noble, but practicable with ease.* If I may be allowed the metaphor, one partakes of the nature of redemptive power; the other of that self-abased and degenerate will, which "flung from his splendors" the fairest star in heaven.

*Revelation is a voluntary approximation of the Infinite Being to the ways and thoughts of finite humanity.* But until this step has been taken by Almighty Grace, how should man have a warrant for loving with all his heart and mind and strength! \* \* \* Without the Gospel, nature exhibits a want of harmony between our intrinsic constitution, and the system in which it is placed. But Christianity has made up the difference. It is possible and natural to love the Father, who has made us his children by the spirit of adoption; it is possible and natural to love the Elder Brother, who was, in all things, like as we are, except sin, and can succor those in temptation, having been himself tempted. *Thus the Christian faith is the necessary complement of a sound ethical system.*

There is something to us very striking in the words "Revelation is a voluntary approximation of the Infinite Being." It states the fact better than is common. In one sense God is forever revealing himself. His heavens are forever telling his glory, and the firmament showing his handiwork; day unto day is uttering speech, and night unto night is showing knowledge concerning him. But in the word of the truth of the gospel, God draws near to his creatures, he bows his heavens and comes down—

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,

he lays aside. The Word dwelt with men. "Come

then, let us reason together;"—"Waiting to be gracious;"—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man open to me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." It is the Father seeing his son while yet a great way off, and having compassion, and running to him, and falling on his neck and kissing him; for it was meet for us to rejoice, for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found. Let no man confound the voice of God in his Works with the voice of God in his Word; they are utterances of the same infinite heart and will, they are in absolute harmony. Together they make up "That undisturbed song of pure consent." But they are distinct, they are meant to be so. A poor traveller, weary and way-sore, is stumbling in unknown places through the darkness of a night of fear, with no light near him, the everlasting stars twinkling far off in their depths, and the yet unrisen sun, or the waning moon, sending up their pale beams into the upper heavens; but all this distant and bewildering for his poor feet, doubtless better much than outer darkness, beautiful and full of God, if he could have the heart to look up, and the eyes to make use of its vague light; but he is miserable, and afraid; his next step is what he is thinking of. A lamp secured against all winds of doctrine is put into his hands; it may, in some respects, deepen the circle of darkness, but it will cheer his feet, it will tell them what to do next. What a silly fool he would be to throw away, or draw down the shutters of that lantern, and make it dark to him, while it sat "in the centre and enjoyed bright day," and all upon the philosophical ground that its light was of the same kind as the stars, and that it was beneath the dignity of human nature to do anything but struggle on and be lost in the attempt to get through the wilderness and the night by the guidance of those "natural" lights, which, though they are from heaven, have so often led the wanderer astray. The dignity of human nature, indeed! Let him keep his lantern till the glad sun is up, with healing under his wings. Nature and the Bible, the Works and the Word of God, are two distinct things. In the mind of their Supreme Author they dwell in perfect peace, in that unspeakable unity which is of his essence; and to us, his children, every day their harmony, their mutual relations, are discovering themselves; but let us beware of saying all nature is a revelation just as the Bible is, and all the Bible is natural as nature is—there is a perilous juggle here.

The following passage develops his views on religious feeling—this was the master-idea of his mind, and it would not be easy to overrate its importance. "My son, give me thine heart,"—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,"—"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." He expresses the same general idea in these words, remarkable in themselves, still more so as being the thought of one so young. "The work of intellect is posterior to the work of feeling. *The latter lies at the foundation of the man, it is his proper self—the peculiar thing that characterizes him as an individ-*

ual. No two men are alike in feeling; but conceptions of the understanding, when distinct, are precisely similar in all—the ascertained relations of truths are the common property of the race.”

Tennyson, we have no doubt, had this very thought of his friend in his mind, in the following lines—it is an answer to the question, Can man by searching find out God?—

I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;  
Nor through the questions men may try,  
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
I heard a voice "believe no more,"  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

*A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath, the heart  
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."*

No, like a child in doubt and fear:  
But that blind clamor made me wise;  
Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I seem beheld again  
What is, and no man understands;  
And out of darkness came the hands  
That reach through nature, moulding men.

This is a subject of the deepest personal as well as speculative interest. In the works of Augustin, of Baxter, Horne, and Jonathan Edwards, and of Alexander Knox, our readers will find how large a place the religious affections held in their view of divine truth as well as of human duty. The last mentioned writer expresses himself thus: "Our sentimental faculties are far stronger than our cognitive; and the best impressions on the latter will be but the moonshine of the mind, if they are alone. Feeling will be best excited by sympathy; rather, it cannot be excited in any other way. Heart must act upon heart—the idea of a living person being essential to all intercourse of heart. You cannot by any possibility *cordialize* with a mere *ens rationis*. 'The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,' otherwise we could not 'have seen his glory,' much less 'received of his fulness.'"

This opens upon us an ampler view in which this subject deserves to be considered, and a relation still more direct and close between the Christian religion and the passion of love. What is the distinguishing character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people? Undoubtedly the sentiment of *erotic devotion* which pervades it. Their poets never respect the Deity as an impassive principle, a mere organizing intellect, removed at infinite distance from human hopes and fears. He is for them a being of like passions with themselves, *requiring heart for heart, and capable of inspiring affection because capable of feeling and returning it*. Awful indeed are the thunders of his utterance and the clouds that surround his dwelling-place; very terrible is the vengeance he executes on the nations that forget him: but to his chosen people, and especially to the men "after his own heart," whom he anoints from the midst of them, his "still small voice" speaks in sympathy and loving-kindness. Every Hebrew, while his

breast glowed with patriotic enthusiasm at those promises, which he shared as one of the favored race, had a yet deeper source of emotion, from which gushed perpetually the aspirations of prayer and thanksgiving. He might consider himself alone in the presence of his God; the single being to whom a great revelation had been made, and over whose head an "exceeding weight of glory" was suspended. His personal welfare was infinitely concerned with every event that had taken place in the miraculous order of Providence. For him the rocks of Horeb had trembled, and the waters of the Red Sea were parted in their course. The word given on Sinai with such solemn pomp of ministration was given to his own individual soul, and brought him into immediate communion with his Creator. That awful Being could never be put away from him; he was about his path, and about his bed, and knew all his thoughts long before. *Yet this tremendous, enclosing presence was a presence of love. It was a manifold, everlasting manifestation of one deep feeling—a desire for human affection.* Such a belief, while it enlisted even pride and self-interest on the side of piety, had a direct tendency to excite the best passions of our nature. Love is not long asked in vain from generous dispositions. A being, never absent, but standing beside the life of each man with ever watchful tenderness, and recognized, though invisible, in every blessing that befell them from youth to age, became naturally the object of their warmest affections. Their belief in him could not exist without producing, as a necessary effect, that profound impression of *passionate individual attachment* which in the Hebrew authors always mingles with and vivifies their faith in the Invisible. All the books of the Old Testament are breathed upon by this breath of life. Especially is it to be found in that beautiful collection, entitled the Psalms of David, which remains, after some thousand years, perhaps the most perfect form in which the religious sentiment of man has been embodied.

But what is true of Judaism is yet more true of Christianity, "*matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.*" In addition to all the characters of Hebrew Monotheism, *there exists in the doctrine of the Cross a peculiar and inexhaustible treasure for the affectionate feelings.* The idea of the *Θεὸς ἡγάπη*, the God whose goings forth have been from everlasting, yet visible to men for their redemption as an earthly, temporal creature, living, acting, and suffering among themselves, then (which is yet more important) transferring to the unseen place of his spiritual agency, the same humanity he wore on earth, so that the lapse of generations can in no way affect the conception of his identity; this is the most powerful thought that ever addressed itself to a human imagination. It is the *πᾶν ὅτι*, which alone was wanted to move the world. Here was solved at once the great problem which so long had distressed the teachers of mankind, how to make *virtue the object of passion*, and to secure at once the warmest enthusiasm in the heart with the clearest perception of right and wrong in the understanding. The character of the blessed Founder of our faith became an abstract of morality to determine the judgment, *while at the same time it remained personal, and liable to love.* The written word and established church prevented a degeneration into ungoverned mysticism, but the predominant principle of vital religion always remained that of self-sacrifice to the Saviour. Not only the higher divinations of moral duties, but the simple, primary

impulse of benevolence, were subordinated to this new absorbing passion. The world was loved "in Christ alone." The brethren were members of his mystical body. All the other bonds that had fastened down the Spirit of the Universe to our narrow round of earth, were as nothing in comparison to this golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice, which at once riveted the heart of man to one, who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. *Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature*, and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than any other.

There is a sad pleasure, *non ingrata amaritudo*, and a sort of meditative tenderness, in contemplating the little life of this "dear youth," and in letting the mind rest upon these his earnest thoughts; to see his fine and fearless, but child-like spirit, moving itself aright—going straight onward "along the lines of limitless desires"—throwing himself into the very deepest of the ways of God, and striking out as a strong swimmer striketh out his hands to swim; to watch him "mewing his mighty youth, and kindling his undazzled eye at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

Light intellectual, and full of love,  
Love of true beauty, therefore full of joy,  
Joy, every other sweetness far above.

It is good for every one to look upon such a sight, and, as we look, to love. We should all be the better for it; and should desire to be thankful for, and to use aright, a gift so good and perfect, coming down as it does from above, from the Father of lights, in whom alone there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Thus it is, that to each one of us the death of Arthur Hallam—his thoughts and affections—his views of God, of our relations to Him, of duty, of the meaning and worth of this world, and the next, where he now is, have an individual significance. He is bound up in our bundle of life; we must be the better or the worse of having known what manner of man he was; and in a sense less peculiar, but not less true, each of us may say,

—The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

—O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

God gives us love! Something to love  
He lends us; but when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it thrives  
Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas!  
In grief we are not all unlearned;  
Once, through our own doors Death did pass;  
One went, who never hath returned.

This star  
Rose with us, through a little arc  
Of heaven, nor having wandered far,  
Shot on the sudden into dark.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace;  
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,  
While the stars burn, the moons increase,  
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,  
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.  
Sleep, full of rest from head to feet;  
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

"*Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella.*" Go in peace,  
soul beautiful and blessed.

Our readers may think we make too much of this; it would be difficult to do so. All our highest and most perilous interests are involved in some of the points on which this young man has, with such deep seriousness, spoken. Do we believe that God is Love? are we loving God? are we resting on nothing short of Him? and are we ready to join in this prayer!—

Lord, I have viewed this world over, in which Thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing here doth itself rest, but such things as please me for a while, in some degree, vanish and flee as shadows from before me. Lo! I come to Thee—the Eternal Being—the Spring of Life—the Centre of Rest—the Stay of the Creation—the Fullness of all things. I join myself to Thee; with Thee I will lead my life, and spend my days, with whom I aim to dwell forever, expecting when my little time is over, to be taken up into Thine own eternity.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SAMUEL LOVER.

TOUCHSTONE.—"Lovers are given to Poetry."  
*As You Like it.*

SAMUEL LOVER, poet, painter, dramatist—an Irishman well entitled to a place in our Gallery—the author of "Rory O'More," and who has not heard it, ground as it is on organs, scratched on fiddles, blown on coach horns, pressed into the service of quadrilles, and even tortured into a waltz? Sung in the western wilds of America and on the wall of China, piped and drummed by our military bands in every quarter of the globe, "Rory" still reigns an universal favorite, and bids fair, like "Patrick's-day" or "Garryowen," to go on living among us in our own sea-girt isle from sire to son, by "a lease of lives renewable forever."

We have by us, as we write, a book entitled "Crosby's Irish Musical Repository," containing "a choice Collection of Esteemed Irish Songs, adapted for the Voice, Violin, and German Flute," which, bearing date 1808, emanated from Stationer's-court, Paternoster-row, and professes on its title-page to be purchasable "at all respectable book and music sellers in the United Kingdom." An examination of this volume has satisfied us that a pig, a shillelagh, and a knock on the head were the chief stock in trade of the comic song writers of that day, who felt it indispensable to end their verses with the senseless refrain of "Whack row-de-dow," "Smallilou," or "Bubbero," "Palliluh," or "Whilleluh, Botheration," "Langolee," "Whack," and *whack* again. Instead of imitating what they affected to represent, they created, Frankenstein-like, a strange monster which they called an Irishman, who could only make mistakes, and whenever he was pushed to an argument twisted his stick in solution of the difficulty and sang a song with an appropriate "Whack." Most of these absurdities were written for the stage, at a time when the Irishman played but a subordinate part in the drama, passed current in England until a very recent period, and were tolerated and even applauded in Ireland. The days of "Whack and Smallilou," however, were destined to be numbered, for in "Rory O'More" a way was shown to a new phase of song, in which there is comicality without vulgarity or coarseness, and, in the midst of fun, a poetic appreciation of



female beauty, combined with gallantry and tenderness—

Her neck

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,  
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light.

But we are anticipating. Let us go back awhile, and say something about the subject of our memoir before the birth of his "Rory." Lover, like Moore, was born in Dublin; they drew their life-stream from Irish mothers; alike were lulled to sleep by the unmatched melodies of their native land; alike heard her legends and fairy tales, and had their young fancies warmed from the same source. At a very early age he displayed evident musical tendencies. When once on a visit with a friend of his father's, where there were children of his own age, he left his companions at play, and being missed by the lady of the house, who went about in some anxiety looking for him, her ear was arrested by the sound of an old piano-forte in a remote room, its notes dropping now and then in the apparent effort of somebody trying to make out a tune; she softly opened the door and saw him poking out the then popular melody of "Will you come to the bower," the composition of the illustrious bard who excited his imagination, and who years afterwards heard his praises sung by the same boy under circumstances which are still fresh in the memory of many. There was a public dinner given to Moore in Dublin, on the 8th of June, 1818, for which Lover, then a mere stripling, was presented with a ticket, by a friend, to whom, on the day of the entertainment, he showed a song which he had written. The subject was a poet's election in Olympus, where, many striving for the honor of being Jove's laureate, Tom Moore carries it hollow by a large majority, Venus, the Loves, and the Graces giving him plumpers as a matter of course.

"The song is very fair, indeed," said his friend, "but there will be such a host of talent there that it will never do for you to sing it at the dinner."

Sheil, Maturin, Sir John Stevenson, (Moore's co-laborateur in the Melodies,) with the whole staff of the Dublin musical force, were present, but, strange to say, nothing poetical or musical was prepared for the occasion. The evening wearing on without anything appropriate forthcoming, Lover's friend gave him a nudge, and said—

"Master Sam, this won't do. We must have your song. I have just heard that your name has been sent up to Lord Charlemont, the chairman. You'll be asked directly; so clear your throat, and don't be afraid."

In a few minutes afterwards he was called upon, and though flurried by the novelty of his situation, yet, inspired by his "first champagne," sang with as much voice as fright left him. The effect was most successful; he was encored, and again and again applauded, the song drawing forth a most brilliant speech from the distinguished guest that night on the living poets of Great Britain. Moore's mother found out the next day where the authorship lay, and requested a copy. Years after, when, through other causes, he became intimate with her, we have heard Lover say that she often alluded to the song, and when Time's relentless course carried the poet's mother to the tomb, he was one of the honored few who bore the pall.

But to revert. His father, a worthy and excellent man, well known as one of the most respected members of the Stock Exchange in Dublin, being

anxious that his son should remain at commercial pursuits for some time, he continued to assist him in his office, until he found that the monotony of the desk ill suited his temperament, and he made up his mind to have "potato and salt," according to his own notion, rather than better fare with the drudgery of the counting-house. Having just sufficient knowledge that a certain admixture of blue and yellow would be sure to produce green, he determined to become a painter, and worked away with laborious zeal, gaining praise from his friends, with whom his amateur works were in great demand. Invited to the country-house of Major F—— (now no more) the young artist expressed a wish to make a likeness of his host, who sat with Christian patience and resignation awaiting the result. Failure succeeded failure, until at last something was produced, which, when shown to the gardener, he recognized as "the Master—the Major himself, sure enough!" There was joy in that moment! a likeness was made! and in the crude streaks of red and yellow were seen the dawn of success.

Passing over probationary years of hard and self-instructing study, where there was more painting than pay, he at last began to be noticed and employed—perhaps the earlier so from the fact that his social qualities and musical accomplishments obtained for him an *entrée* into the best society in Dublin. We often heard of his being at the house of the Lefanus, whose distinguished visitors (as he once said to us) could be intellectual without being blue, and where people could be fashionable without being insipid—that admirable mixture of high intellectuality and high breeding, where both qualities helped out each other, and Minerva was indebted to the Graces. There was an inimitable piece of foolery got up in Dublin, called the Club of the Burchenshaft, where knowledge was squandered under the guise of ignorance, where wit flashed through the affected mask of stupidity, where society in its brightest form quaffed the cup rather to lubricate the throat, hoarse with uttering witticisms, than to gratify the sensual gust of the palate; where every form of face appeared in a new guise, so that fun scarcely knew itself, and every meeting teemed with songs fresh from the mint of fancy. There it was that the great dignitaries of that august dynasty, "the Lord Chamberlain," "the Pipe-bearer," &c., &c., crowded round the "Noble Grand"—monarch of his own little kingdom! And who was he? Charles Lever—inimitable Charles! Long and happy may you reign wherever you are! But who was the minstrel of that joyous court? Samuel Lover! And never had troubadour more honor, even in the good old times of King René. There was "ye boke of y<sup>e</sup> Burchenshaft," too! containing the veritable history and wonderful records of the club—its origin, progress, and transactions—profusely illustrated and illuminated, by Lover's pencil. He painted a grotesque cover for the book, which was a good imitation of such a missal as one would find on the worm-eaten shelves of an ancient library, and manufactured the "Blessed Rhodeen," supposed to have been the property of St. Patrick, and which was the seal of the official documents of his holiness, and also of St. Kevin. The contents of the volume were concocted chiefly by Lever; and, on the dissolution of the club, this literary treasure, together with the muniments and paraphernalia, remained in the possession of "the Noble Grand." The fraternity did not forget their

minstrel and limner, to whom they presented a valuable gold snuff-box, in testimony of their regard and approbation of the manner in which he discharged his official functions in two capacities.

Pursuing his profession as a miniature-painter, he was elected, in 1836, a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and subsequently filled the office of its secretary. The Marquis of Wellesley, then Viceroy, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, and many other distinguished men in Ireland, sat for him. The picture, however, which brought him most into notice, and which may be said to have established his character as an artist, here as well as in London, was that of the celebrated Paganini, who sat for him during his stay in Dublin. We recollect one day seeing the miniature in an unfinished state, and being struck by its admirable likeness to the original, Lover told us the way in which he roused the great violinist to animation of feature during the sitting. "Paganini being dull, I wished (said he) to excite his attention. I remarked to him the great beauty of a little capriccio motivo in one of his concertos, and hummed the air. Old Pag. cocked his ear.

" 'You have been in Strasbourg,' said he.

" 'Never,' I answered.

" 'Then how did you hear that air?'

" 'I heard you play it.'

" 'No! if you were not in Strasbourg.'

" 'Yes! in London.'

" 'That concerto I composed for my first appearance in Strasbourg, and I never played it in London.'

" 'Pardon me, you did at the Opera House.'

" 'I don't remember.'

" 'It was the night you played an obligato accompaniment to Pasta.'

" 'Ah, Pasta!' he exclaimed, and his beautiful eye brightened as if he rejoiced in the remembrance of that night.

" 'As Rhodrick Dhu

Felt the joy that heroes feel,  
In warriors worthy of their steel,

so Paganini seemed to rejoice in the remembrance of that remarkable occasion, when those two great artists, putting out all their force, were mutually inspired and successively interchanged artistic supremacy. The name of Pasta was a connecting link in the musician's memory.

" 'Pasta! yes. How she sang that night.'

" 'Yes,' said I, 'and how you played.'

" 'Ah!' exclaimed he, with a shrug, 'but that motivo; I did play it on that, but only on that, night in London. You must be musician,' said he, 'for that is not an easy air to remember.'

" 'It was encoored, signor,' with a complimentary bow, 'and so I heard it twice.'

" 'Ah!' said he, with another shrug, but evidently pleased; 'but still I say it is not easy to remember that air except for a musician.'

This incident not only roused Paganini to the animation which Lover required, but procured for him admission to all his rehearsals. Thus it was—Pasta inspired Paganini, Paganini inspired the painter, for he produced admittedly one of the best likenesses ever made of that distinguished man; and when he ventured to send it to the Royal Academy of England he did not overrate his own work, for we have heard it said, that Sir David Wilkie, Sir Martin Shee, and Chantrey, in criticizing the picture, agreed that the violin (which, by the way, was an elaborate study) put them in mind

of Gerard Dhow. Circumstances which occurred at this time prevented his going to London at once, but he contrived to get there a day or two before the Exhibition closed, when he had the satisfaction of seeing his picture, and, what was still better, of receiving several commissions.

While thus temporarily located in London he painted some persons of distinction; among the rest a relative of Sir John Conroy, who was then comptroller to the household of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Through Sir John's interest he hoped to have the honor of painting the Princess Victoria, but he was obliged to return to Ireland, where he passed the remainder of that year in the hope of transferring himself the following to the English metropolis. Again he was disappointed in carrying out his intentions. Early in the spring he received a letter with the royal arms on the seal—it was from Sir John Conroy! Could he at once go to London and paint a picture? This was, indeed, an opportunity any artist might have coveted, and of which he was eagerly desirous of availing himself; but a domestic calamity interfered, and he was compelled to write and explain to Sir John the reason of his not having answered his note by presenting himself in person; to this he received a kind reply, mentioning that he should yet paint the picture. But such high tides only serve once in a man's life! he lost the golden opportunity, which, had he been enabled to seize, might have placed the Court Guide in a position to chronicle a *Lover* instead of a *Hayter*,\* as her Majesty's Miniature Painter in Ordinary.

His engagements as an artist did not prevent his employing himself in literary pursuits, for he gave the public a series of his well-known "Legends and Stories," the success of which was established and attested by popular accord and drew forth the highest praise from many contemporary authors; among the rest, Miss Edgeworth, whose keen sense of all things was as ready to discern and acknowledge merit in others as to make it evident in herself. The literary reputation he had thus acquired associated him with those who started the *Dublin University Magazine*. In the first and second numbers appeared his story of "Barney O'Reidon," almost as well known as the "Gridiron," which not only had (to use a stage phrase) a great run, but we think we can show that it conferred a practical benefit on a large portion of the travelling public of Ireland, of which, possibly, they may not be aware, and therefore we proceed to enlighten them. Mr. Bianconi, the well-known inventor and owner of the "Long Cars" of the Southern roads, was one day a passenger between Clonmel and Waterford, on his car which runs between these towns. To pass away the time he brought with him Lover's "Legends and Stories," then just published, from among which he selected the "Gridiron" for perusal, the fun of which he could well appreciate, and he bore testimony thereto with hearty bursts of laughter. He had but just finished the story, when the day, hitherto fine, suddenly changed, and down came a torrent of rain, which thoroughly soaked every one on the vehicle, including its worthy proprietor. Arrived in Waterford, his first care was to give directions to have the cushions well dried for use the following day, and, business-like, he waited to see his order carried into effect. When they were removed from the side of the car upon which he had sat, his vigilant eye at once observed that the seat was one

\* Sir George Hayter occupies this high position.

pool of water, which had evidently no way for running off.

"I have it!" said he.

"I am glad of that, sir," says the driver. "Did you lose anything?"

"The 'Gridiron,'" said Bianconi.

"The Gridiron," echoed the driver.

"Ay," said Bianconi; "we must sit on Gridirons for the future, if we want to keep our passengers dry and comfortable."

"The Lord save us," grinned the ostler. "What is the masher at, at all at all?"

But he knew well what he was at, for we need scarcely remind our Irish readers that of late years a wooden grating, *gridiron*-like, has been placed under the cushions of Mr. Bianconi's cars, which, to the great comfort and convenience of his numerous passengers, has effectually prevented the lodging of water on the seats.

Let us now follow our artist to London, where, upon the strength of his general reputation, he determined to establish himself as a miniature painter. The first picture he exhibited, after taking up his residence in the metropolis, in 1835, was a miniature of the Moolree Mahmoud Ishmael Khan, the ambassador of the King of Oude, who sat for him shortly after his arrival on his mission to England. He also painted Lord Brougham in his robes of office as Lord Chancellor, which was an excellent likeness as well as an elaborate and highly finished painting. Thomas Moore, too, has recorded how highly he appreciated Lover's acquirements, as evidenced in a picture of his son Russel Moore (since dead.) A portrait of Lover's daughter Meta, when a child, in the costume of a Connemara peasant, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was afterwards engraved in "Hall's Book of Gems." These and many other works from his pencil brought him into full business in his profession, while his versatile talents secured for him introductions into the salons of the fashionable world as well as a place in the best literary society. His own songs, sung and accompanied by himself; his own stories, told as no one else could tell them, made him a welcome guest everywhere. At Lady Blessington's he was an *habitué* on her evenings of reception, and there as well as at other houses where literary and artistic merit met, the success of his songs was so great that he was induced to publish.

A writer in *Blackwood*\* thus favorably comments on Lover's varied talents:—

A new poet in our day is a discovery worth recording; but a new poet, who is at once a musician, a painter, a novelist, and a poet, is quadruply worth wondering at. This is the case of Mr. Lover, a young Irishman, who has lately made his appearance at this side of the Channel. He is an artist of such skill as to have produced the very best small portrait, that of the Ambassador of the King of Oude, at the last year's Exhibition at Somerset House. He has written some short dramas, but witty, and some volumes of Irish romance, which we understand are very clever, and are illustrated by some sketches from his own pencil. But his poems are now the topic. We must confess that we have never been much captivated with what has passed for Irish song-writing in England. These songs which profess to be humorous—the play-house species, are absolutely barbarous, the essence of vulgarity, unrelieved by anything that bears the slightest resemblance to humor in Ireland, or in any other

country under the sun; their wit is worthy of their authors, and their authors are worthy of the gin shop.

Even the amatory songs which have had their day among us, have not altogether stolen into our hearts; they have treated of love alternately like a school-master and schoolboy; there was too much about gods and goddesses, and too much about pouting lips and glossy curls. We doubt whether passion ever spoke the language of any one of them. They were pretty, and even poetical; but they wholly wanted truth; they had none of the intense feeling, the flush of fever, the mixture of sadness and playfulness, the delight and the agony of true inspiration. In the songs of the present writer we find much of the rich caprice, and not a little of the force of passion.

Taking up some of the popular superstitions of Ireland, a fruitfully poetic theme, he wrote several songs to illustrate them—"Rory O'More;" "The Angel's Whisper;" the "May Dew;" "The Four-leaved Shamrock;" "The Letter," &c., which commanded, we believe, the largest sale of almost any series of songs ever published. The great street favorite at this time in London was "Weber's Hunting Chorus," but "Rory" soon put out the pipe of the German Jager, and the Dhudeen beat the Meerscham. "Molly Carew" (which, with many other songs, followed the "Superstitions" in rapid succession) may be classed with "Rory O'More," though the difficulty of that tricky air, "Planxty Reilly," to which it is adapted, was in the way of its street popularity. The structure of the rhymes, terminating in lines of the most capricious lengths, preserved throughout four verses, is most ingenious, and the poetry is admirable. Here is a simile:—

For your lips, O, machree, in their beautiful glow,  
Faith a pattern might be for the cherries to grow.

And then the reflection thereupon arises—

'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,  
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;  
But at this time of day,  
'Pon my conscience, I'll say,  
Such cherries might tempt a man's father.

"The Angel's Whisper," and "True Love can ne'er forget," (the story of "Carolan," of whom it is related that when deprived of sight, after the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand,) are examples of pathetic sentiment, in which the stories are condensed into the smallest possible compass. It has been justly remarked, that so earnestly does he treat his subject in the former, adhering closely to verb and substantive, dealing with actions and things, that the "adjective is only used three times, in one of which it assumes a compound form, and may, therefore, be said to have an application but twice."\*

A second series of Legend Stories now appeared from the press; and in 1836 the novel of "Rory O'More" was written for Mr. Bentley. The management of the Adelphi Theatre was offered several dramatized versions of this popular work; but Mr. Lover was selected to put it on the stage, and Rory, in the hands of poor Tyrone Power, was triumphant in his third shape for over one hundred successive nights. Who that ever saw that admirable actor in *Rory O'More* can forget his delineation of the part! and how delicious was the richness of his unforced brogue in narrating the story

\* *Blackwood*, vol. xli., 1837.

\* Criticisms on "Popular Songs," No. 3.—"The Angel's Whisper." *Glasgow and Edinburgh Daily Mail*.

of the Fox of Ballybotherum. And then there was Gerald Pepper, written for him by Lover, ("The White Horse of the Peppers.") to bring him out at the Haymarket, in which he made a great hit. The "Happy Man" was from the same pen, and was entrusted to the same actor, with entire success. At Covent Garden, when Madame Vestris was lessee, a musical drama was produced, called the *Greek Boy*, in which she sang a charming barcarolle, "Gondolier, Row," and nightly obtained an encore. This drama was also one of Lover's. When Balfe took the English Opera House, (now the Lyceum,) he sent him a burlesque opera, called *Il Paddy Whack in Italia*, in which that charming ballad "Molly Bawn," the *cheval de bataille* of the piece, was sung by Balfe himself, and soon became another street favorite—one of those *al fresco* spirits that loves open air, midnight, and the moon. How often we have heard it, when, to use the words of the song :—

The stars above are brightly shining,  
Because they have nothing else to do.

A handsome tribute was paid about this time to him, when his joint-stock reputation of painter, poet, musician, and dramatist, caused him to be talked about. Forty Irish members of the House of Commons invited him to a dinner at "Grillon's," thus testifying their respect for his character and appreciation of his genius.

Continuing to work hard at his profession, he used his pen as well as his pencil; and having commenced serial story writing, he undertook the additional labor of illustrating the numbers himself with etchings on steel. "Handy Andy" and "Treasure Trove" were thus brought out; but he soon found that he had been doing the work of three men instead of one. His eyes, hitherto severely tried by miniature painting, became so seriously affected that he was recommended to cease from his ordinary professional pursuits, and, unwillingly, he yielded to medical advice. Being thus in a measure deprived of the means of pursuing his former occupation, it occurred to him to become in public the illustrator of his own stories and songs, feeling that, if half the approbation were to follow in public, which always resulted from the exercise of the same thing in private, success was pretty certain. Some recommended him to try the effect of what he could do quietly in the country; but he felt that it would be better to "take the bull by the horns," and make his first appearance in London, which he accordingly did, at the Princess' Concert-room, on the evening of the 13th March, 1844. To a man who had never done anything of the kind before, and with a voice of very limited compass, it was daring enough; but nerving himself for the occasion, his first monologue received the unequivocal approbation of a crowded audience, and the next morning's papers contained most favorable notices of his performance. The entertainment was repeated only to be more successful, and after an extended run in London, he presented it to the public in the chief cities and towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Two hours is a long time for one man, unassisted in any way, to keep people together, and, what is still more difficult, to keep them amused; but Lover succeeded in effecting this beyond all doubt. Song followed song, recitation followed anecdote in pleasing and attracted variety; and while the introductory parts of the entertainment were delivered with unaffected ease and fluency, his dramatic powers were ever

ready to assist him in the rendering of his musical compositions, as well as to give effect to his stories and poetic recitations.

In America, whither he proceeded in the spring of 1846, his reception was most flattering, and in the best society, (well guarded ring-fence as it is,) he was treated with marked distinction. In the chief cities and towns of the states, and also in Canada, he gave his monologue, which he varied from time to time with new songs, stories, and anecdotes. The song of the "Alabama" was written while gliding down that beautiful stream. It is at once a charming sketch from nature and a transcript of his own feelings at the time. Here is the concluding verse :—

However far, however near,  
To me alike thou'rt still more dear;  
In thought, sweet love, thou'rt with me here,  
On the winding Alabama.

The watch-dog's bark on shore, I hear—  
He tells me that some home is near;  
And memory wakes affection's tear,  
On the distant Alabama.

Shortly after his arrival in New Orleans he sung the "Alabama" in a drawing-room, and, fresh as he was from the river, the theme of his song, it was, perhaps, the more effective. Mr. Clay, the distinguished senator, was present, and, requesting him to repeat it, paid him a most refined and elegantly turned compliment by saying, "For the future the Alabama will be better known through the Poet than the Geographer."

The Deer-hunt, and the sleighing in America, furnished subjects which he has treated in a lively and perfectly fresh manner. The similarity of sound between slaying the *Deer* and sleighing the *Deer*, was quickly seized upon and illustrated in a song full of point throughout. A husband is recommended, to prevent his wife from scolding him :—

If your dear's temper's so crost,  
Pray at once for the frost,  
And *fix her right into a sleigh*;  
If she would she cant scold,  
For the weather's so cold,  
Her mouth she can't open at all.  
In vain would she cry,  
For the tears in her eye  
Would be frozen before they can fall.

The autumnal couch and repose of the Forest-hunter is truthfully and picturesquely described in three short lines :—

When the leaves falling red  
Yield a ready-made bed,  
Where they rest after slaying the deer.

The superstition among the Indians, that the "Great Spirit" forbade the use of gold to his children, is thus dealt with :—

If gold had been good the Great Spirit had given—  
That gift, like his others, as freely from Heaven.  
The lake gives us white fish, the deer gives us meat,  
And the toil of the capture gives slumber so sweet;  
Then give me my arrows, and give me my bow,  
In the wild woods to rove where the blue rapids flow.

These extracts, from songs written in America, will serve to show that Mr. Lover's poetry was not a conventional thing following in the beaten track of every-day association, nor confined to Irish subjects, with which his name was so identified; but fresh scenes produced fresh poetic combinations,



alike truthful and just in imagery and illustration. Indeed, in a letter to a friend, he has described his sensations in the New World with a picturesqueness and force that makes his prose truly poetic:—

Glorious Niagara! never can I forget the sensations with which my eye first caught the rapids rushing down to the falls; the mighty mass of waters heaving, and foaming, and bounding onwards; and then, when I first saw their headlong dash down the abyss, I lost all powers of speech; for when I attempted words to tell what I felt, my tongue refused its office, my voice trembled, and I could scarcely refrain from tears. I threw off my hat, in the spirit of reverential awe, and held out my hands towards the mighty giant, with his flowing robe, as if of molten emeralds, with a fringe of pearls and diamonds, for to nothing else in color or brilliancy may be likened the vivid green of the waters, the flashing and whiteness of the spray. Then the mighty cloud that arises, steaming up from the vast caldron below, a messenger, as it were, seeking heaven, whose Master had bidden the waters to fall there, to tell "His will was done." The god-like sun imaging his light in the spray, and adding prismatic beauty to that already so beautiful! Down, down eternally fall those long festoons of snow-white waters, and the voice of God in the never-ceasing thunder of the cataract.

How the flood below heaves, and eddies, and rushes on through the giant gap of the stupendous cliffs, clothed with the nodding verdure of the green summer; while the leaves are sprinkled with the diamond-shower of the spray, adding beauty to the feathery lightness of the woods, and refreshing their verdure. How the momentarily-formed rainbows flit about upon the ascending spray, as it whirls around in the never-dying breeze of this enchanting spot—another blessing in the fervor of an American July. Oh, Niagara! Niagara! how endless are thy beauties, how vast thy sublimity. Never have I seen grandeur and beauty so combined as in thee!

On his return to England, in 1848, being more than two years away, he gave an entertainment, entitled "Paddy's Portfolio," which was a combination of Irish songs and stories, and an epitome of his American notes and experiences. In delineating transatlantic character he was at once faithful and humorous, but never descended to ill-nature or caricature. His recitations of "The Irish Fisherman," and "The Flooded Hut of the Mississippi," were delivered with a depth of feeling and pathos which always found their way to the hearts of his audiences; while in his telling that exquisitely-droll story of "The Adventures and Mistakes of Jemmy Hoy," he invariably excited hearty and genuine laughter.

"The Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland," with several legendary ballads, &c., have been published in a collected form;\* but since then Mr. Lover has written the words, and composed the music, for many other songs. In his tale of "Handy Andy" we find a good specimen of that power of condensation, which we have before alluded to in this song:—

An old man sadly said,  
Where 's the snow  
That fell the year that 's fled—  
Where 's the snow?  
As fruitless were the task,  
Of many a joy to ask—  
As the snow.  
The hope of airy birth,  
Like the snow;

\* "Songs and Ballads, by S. Lover." Chapman and Hall.

Is stained on reaching earth,  
Like the snow!  
While 't is sparkling in the ray,  
'T is melting fast away,  
Like the snow.

A cold, deceitful thing  
Is the snow;  
Though it come on dove-like wing,  
The false snow.  
'T is but rain disguised appears,  
And our hopes are frozen tears,  
Like the snow.

In the song "Forgive but Don't Forget," the second verse has a cumulative power of antithesis:—

Oh why should friendship harshly chide  
Our little faults on either side?  
From friends we love we bear with those,  
As thorns are pardoned for the rose.  
The honey bee on busy wing,  
Producing sweets, yet bears a sting;  
The purest gold most needs alloy,  
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

And then the way in which the old saying is reversed in the concluding four lines:—

Forgive, forget—we're wisely told,  
Is held a maxim good and old;  
But half the maxim—better yet,  
Then Oh forgive—but don't forget.

In the "Birth of St. Patrick," the conceit that the saint being born at midnight on the 8th, and the uncertainty arising whether the 8th or 9th was his true birthday, are ingenious:—

For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock;  
And some blamed the babby, and some blamed the clock;  
For with all these cross-questions, sure no one could know  
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Then father Mulcahy making "confusion worse confounded," by declaring—

No one could have two birth-days but a twin.

And winding up with the device, that as eight and nine make seventeen, so conflicting testimonies would be best reconciled by making the 17th the birthday; giving a good bit of advice, too, which might be well observed on more serious occasions in Ireland:—

Don't be always *dividing*, but sometimes *combine*.

But here is his last, which none of our readers have yet met with:—

#### COAXING CONNOR.

Now let me alone, though I know that you won't.  
For I don't b'lieve a word, Coaxing Connor, you say;  
You swear that you love me, but maybe you don't,  
And 't is with my poor heart you 'd be wanting to play.  
That 's a game you 're well up to, with soothing arts  
For Jane, Bet, or Nance—me, or Molly, you 'd strive;  
I ask but one trick for my poor ace of hearts,  
While you, wicked rogue, would be playing "spoil five."

\* For the benefit of general readers, we state that "spoil five" is a favorite Irish game at cards, in which the ace of hearts predominates.

O! Peggy, your coaxing refusals among,  
I heed not the word, but the look that replies;  
With glances so bright, you've no need of a tongue,  
For, if you were dumb, you might talk with your eyes.

Your sweet lips may serve other uses than speech,  
You could smile me to bondage, you know, Peggy dear;

Be dumb, if you like—Beauty never should preach—  
But, oh, be not deaf, when 'tis Love bids you hear.

'Tis you 're play'd "spoil five" with my senses,  
*machree,*

For 'tis your voice I hear in the soft summer wind;  
In the fresh-blushing roses 'tis you that I see—

Oh—I see you so plain!—though they say Love is blind.

If I touch a sweetbriar—I say that 's herself;

If I e'er feel your hand—on my ear 'tis I feel,

But the taste of your lip—oh, like sweets on a shelf,

'Tis kept far out of reach from the boy that would steal.

There are many other of Mr. Lover's songs and poems which we would gladly give extracts from, did space permit. But in those which we have given there is evidence of nature and truthful feeling, which make up for more studied and polished artifice. We believe he lacks what is called classical scholarship, but his writings are probably the fresher for the want of it. Schlegel, in his dramatic literature, when speaking of Shakspeare, says:—

Our poet's want of scholarship has been the subject of endless controversy, and yet it is surely a very easy matter to decide. Shakspeare was poor in dead school-cram, but he possessed a rich treasury of living and intuitive knowledge. \* \* \* The general direction of his mind was not to the collection of words but of facts. With English books, whether original or translated, he was extensively acquainted, and we may safely affirm that he had read all that his native language and literature then contained, that could be of any use to him in his poetical avocations.

Burns, too, was not prevented by want of classic lore from being a poet, and Spenser said, that in the early ballads of the Irish, wild as they were, there was much of "the pure gold of poetry." In treating Irish subjects, Mr. Lover is essentially Irish in spirit, and his illustrations are in strict accordance with the theme. What Lover has done for the popular superstitions of Ireland, another lyricist has more recently effected for those terse and pithy proverbs to be found in the mouths of our peasantry:—"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love;" "Welcome as flowers of May;" with many others which are all now familiar to lovers of song, and have been admirably given by Jonathan Freke Slingsby, a name second to none in that class of poetry with which he has identified himself. We cannot refrain from expressing a hope that these charming ballads may yet be collected in some permanent form.

In music Lover is not scientific, but he knows enough to write the symphonies and accompaniments to his own songs. His ear is so true that we never find him writing false harmony, and thus one will not be disposed to inquire, when hearing or reading his compositions, whether he is conversant with the mysteries of extended sixths, or diminished or German sevenths. Without toiling through the abstruse rules of music, he appears to

have intuitively learned that which has taken other men years to acquire. We have stated before that his voice is of limited compass, but, like Moore, who sung his own melodies with such charming effect, he makes up for the want of organ, by clear articulation, and expression, that musical reading of song, which is so rarely to be met with in these days.

In mentioning Moore's name it reminds us, that when he launched his lyric bark he had no competitor. The continent was closed against us, no foreign music then reached our shores. At such a time, when the world was tired of poor imitations of the stilted old style of music, nauseated with words in which Phillis and Chloe, Strephon, and any quantity of lambskins abounded, how welcome was the freshness of his songs! how sparkling their poetic beauty! and then, what a mine of wealth was at his disposal in the melodies which Bunting had previously rescued from oblivion, and to which the poet's words gave an imperishable fame. Time, however, has made great changes. The Continent has now been open for years, and the lyric poets of the present day have difficulties to contend with to which Moore was a stranger. The fascinations of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Weber, are all in the field, and rendered more available to the public by the greater cultivation of foreign languages. It is, therefore, something to say for the subject of our memoir, that his songs have been popular in the days of such brilliant contemporaries; that they have lain side by side with their works on the piano-fortes of the accomplished, and have been hummed, whistled, and organized through the length and breadth of the land. While he effected this by his talent, he also achieved a first-rate reputation as a painter, was a successful novelist, a successful dramatist, and then appeared the *viola voce* illustrator of his works; and was again successful, in no small degree too, as public criticisms well attest. Dibdin wrote and performed his own monologue; but, with the exception of Lover, we know of no one else who did the same. He did more, however, than Dibdin, for he has written novels, and illustrated them himself, and composed the incidental songs; a literary feat which has no example that we know of. In a word, poet, painter, dramatist, he has won sufficient celebrity to make the fame of three different men, which, we trust, like the shamrock of his own native island, may long continue to be

#### TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

MR. LYNTON lately made a communication to the Asiatic Society of London, descriptive of a mode of punishment peculiar to the criminal code of the Celestial Empire. A Chinese merchant, accused and convicted of having killed his wife, was sentenced to die by the total deprivation of sleep. The execution took place at Amoy, in the month of June last. The condemned was placed in prison under the surveillance of three guardians, who relieved each other at every alternate hour, and who prevented him from taking any sleep night or day. He lived thus for nineteen days, without having slept for a single minute. At the commencement of the eighth day his sufferings were so cruel that he begged as a great favor that they would kill him by strangulation.

From the Journal of Commerce.

## ON THE UNION.

## FROM A UNIT.

GIANT aggregate of nations,  
Glorious Whole of glorious parts,  
Unto endless generations  
Live United, hands and hearts!  
Be it storm, or summer-weather,  
Peaceful calm, or battle-jar,  
Stand in beauteous strength together,  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Every petty class-dissension,  
Heal it up, as quick as thought;  
Every paltry place pretension,  
Crush it, as a thing of nought;  
Let no narrow private treason  
Your great onward progress bar,  
But remain, in right and reason,  
Sister States as Now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!  
People, leave that toy to kings;  
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,  
Be above such grovelling things!  
In each other's joys delighted,  
All your hate be—joys of war,  
And by all means keep United  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger,  
Still my counsel would be just;  
Break the band, and all is danger,  
Mutual fear and dark distrust:  
But, you know me for a brother  
And a friend who speaks from far,  
Be at one then with each other,  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy  
Freedom's soil by slaves to till,  
Yet, be just! and sagely, slowly,  
Nobly, cure that ancient ill:  
Slowly—haste is fatal ever;  
Nobly—lest good faith ye mar;  
Sagely—not in wrath to sever  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Charmed with your commingled beauty,  
England sends the signal round,  
"Every man must do his duty"  
To redeem from bonds the bound!  
Then indeed your banner's brightness  
Shining clear from every star  
Shall proclaim your joint uprightness,  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

So, a peerless constellation  
May those stars forever blaze!  
Three-and-ten-times-three-fold nation,  
Go-ahead in power and praise!  
Like the many-breasted goddess  
Throned on her Ephesian car,  
Be—one heart in many bodies!  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Albany, Jan. 15, 1851.

## NEW BOOKS.

CROSBY & NICHOLS have published "*The Moorland Cottage*," by the author of *Mary Barton*. This story has much of the pathos of its predecessor. It is handsomely printed.—*Post*.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have also reprinted this book.

*Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain.* Vol. I. By AGNES STRICKLAND. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

The author of this work is already known by a previous publication of a similar character—"The Queens of England"—which has obtained the commendations of persons well qualified to judge, both in England and in this country. To a considerable class of readers, biography is more interesting, as well as more instructive, than history; and these narratives of the lives of females, whose individual fortunes form part of the annals of Scotland, receive a deeper interest, as well as an air of novelty, from traits of individual character, which history and local traditions, in their wide survey of causes and events, are obliged to overlook.—*Ec. Post*.

More than the interest of romance attaches to the stories of the three princesses whose lives are here written. The scenes through which these remarkable women are called to pass are more or less familiar to all readers of English history, but the graceful pen of Agnes Strickland has invested them with features of new attraction. Margaret Tudor, Queen of James IV., Magdalene of France, first queen of James V. and his second queen, Mary of Lorraine, furnish themes for her highest skill as a delineator of character, and she has aimed at presenting sketches to be prized not merely for the interest of hasty perusal, but truly valuable for the authentic and extensive information they convey, which has been sought with the most careful research into authorities, which are largely referred to, that her statements may be received with confidence.—*Presbyterian*.

*The Island World of the Pacific.* By REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER, author of "*The Whale and his Captors*." With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

We have read a considerable portion of this volume with so much satisfaction that we mean to go through with the whole. It is full of information and life, telling stories of land and sea in a way to stir the passion for adventure without harm to the sobriety of the reader's temper, or the steadfastness of his faith. We need such books always, and especially now, when a new age of marine adventure is awakened, and our youth are taking with fresh zeal to the seas. Voyages are always captivating to the young, and happy is it when the story is told by a Christian or a man of taste. Mr. Cheever is rather too lavish of trite quotations from the poets, and we often feel like exchanging some of the specimens from his poetical *hortus siccus* for flowers of South Sea origin.

The book is just the thing for the host of boys between fourteen and twenty, the mighty generation now starting on the race or voyage of life.—*Christian Inquirer*.

The author of this volume is already known as a descriptive writer, by a work entitled "*The Whale and his Captors*." In the triumphs of Protestant Christianity in the Polynesian islands, which he fitly designates the moral heart of the Pacific, he finds a theme congenial to his tastes. His design is to exhibit a true and life-like picture of the best part of Polynesia, as seen in this second half of the nineteenth century. A true reverence for Christian precept and practice pervades the whole work, but the reader is not therefore to suppose that the author has limited his descriptions to the religious or moral phase of the country. By no means. The author is a gentleman of travel, of adventure and of observation, and moreover of a liberal mind, and we can assure the reader that he has rarely taken up a book that will more pleasantly beguile his time. It is the record of travel, in the fullest sense of the term, giving, as we judge, a true picture of the people, with whom the author was thrown into contact. Numerous wood-cuts from original designs embellish the volume. Very numerous inelegancies of style, amounting sometimes to grammatical error and unpleasant ambiguity of meaning, detract from the literary merit of the book.—*Com. Adv.*

J. H. Francis, Boston, has published a little volume, entitled *A Guide to the Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar*, by the Rev. Dr. Brewer, of Cambridge, Eng. It contains much useful information in the shape of questions and answers respecting Chemistry, Meteorology, Optics, and other branches of natural philosophy.

*The Broken Bud, or Reminiscences of a Bereaved Mother.* New York: Carter & Brothers. Pp. 324.

This touching and beautiful tribute of a bereaved mother to the memory of her beloved child owes its origin to the writer's desire to preserve in manuscript for her surviving children a memorial of their departed sister; and it has been published in the hope of affording to other suffering hearts something of the consolation which its preparation gave to her own. Influenced by the earnest desire which, in her grief, she had felt for the sympathy and spiritual communion of those who had tasted with her the bitter cup of bereavement, she has been induced to lift the veil from the sacredness of her sorrows and consolations, and, to use the words of Baxter after the death of his companion, "to become passionate in the view of all."

We have no doubt that the benevolent end of the writer will be fully answered by this graceful and tender tribute of affection. It will commend itself to all who mourn; to the sad sisterhood of sorrow; the unnumbered Rachels weeping for those dear ones who are not.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there;  
There is no fire-side, howe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

The book is by no means a gloomy one. The shadow of the great bereavement is, indeed, as it must be, deep and dark, but it is preceded by a sweet and sunny history of happy childhood, and softened and limited by the consolations and hopes of the Gospel of Him who laid his hand of blessing on the brows of little children, and proclaimed that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."  
—*National Era.* J. G. W.

*The Mother's Recompense*, a sequel to *Home Influence*, by GRACE AGUILLAR, has just been published by the Harpers.

This tale was written in 1836, when its gifted author, now deceased, was but just nineteen. It evinces a mind of no common stamp, and is truly a remarkable production for one so young. Its design is to illustrate the invaluable benefits of correct domestic training. The whole volume is pervaded with a kindly charity and an elevated spirit of devotion. Its predecessor, *Home Influence*, elicited universal praise, and we doubt not this little volume will receive similar commendation.  
N. Y. *Courier*.

We have Putnam's handsome issue of George Borrow's last production, "*Lavengro; the Scholar—the Gipsy and the Priest*." This is a strange book, but one which is highly interesting and suggestive. Neither of the author's earlier volumes gave token of the ability here displayed. "*Lavengro*," by the way, is *gipsy* for a "master of languages." There is a good deal of it, but we think there are few who may not gain from it both knowledge and wisdom. It is an autobiographical record of thoughts, feelings, incidents and literature, and it is written with great power, though the tone of narration is not always agreeable.—*Post*.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have also reprinted this book.

*The Memorial* is the title of a beautiful volume, written by the friends of the late Mrs. Osgood, and just issued by Mr. Putnam. It is designed as a souvenir of one of the sweetest and most winning of American poetesses—one whose genius, and loveliness, and the touching circumstances of her death, have made her an object of no ordinary interest. The book was edited by MARY E. HEWITT, and is made up of contributions from sixty or seventy writers, among whom are many of the most gifted in our country. It is prefixed by a beautiful and very correct likeness of Mrs. Osgood, and by an elegant sketch of her personal and literary character, from the pen of R. W. Griswold. It is illustrated with ten fine steel en-

gravings, and the whole dress of the volume is creditable to American taste, and in every way befits its literary excellence. A tribute more beautiful and appropriate has rarely been rendered to departed worth. The profits from the sale of the book are to be devoted to the erection of a monument to the memory of Mrs. Osgood in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, where she is buried. With such means, this noble design, we are sure, cannot fail of complete success.—N. Y. *Courier*.

Harper & Brothers have just published *A New Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology and Geography*, by William Smith, LL. D., with corrections and additions by Charles Anthon. This is a more compendious work than the great Classical Dictionary of Anthon, published some ten years since. The articles are brief and stripped of minute details, but the whole work comprises a vast amount of information of the highest value to the student of ancient history, literature and mythology. The supplementary matter, comprising very copious chronological tables, &c., will also be found highly useful to the student and general reader.

The following notice from a far-off land has very much gratified us; and we are indebted to several neighboring Editors for having copied it. It is from the Sacramento Transcript, of 10th December.

THE LIVING AGE.—This old friend of ours is once more a table companion. We hail its advent from the far Atlantic with no little pleasure. Two or three of its numbers are lying around us in their quaint covers—filled with strong articles, selected with admirable taste from the leading reviews of the day. Those covers, so unique, wherein the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, the Westminster, Blackwood's and twenty others, are grouped together in admirable confusion—so typical of the press of thought within—so natural; the same old covers in which its volume first, number one, came clad into the world. We were a constant reader of the "*Living Age*," as it made its weekly appearance, before we left the land of reviews and literature. And after two long years, during which we have been deprived of its pages, it at last finds its way to us once more, and comes as an old friend, reminding us of the less busy days of the past.

We felt, on leaving the States for the gold mines, that as we could no longer have the *Living Age* to read, we should inevitably fall behind the times, and now that it has at last found a way by which it can reach us, we trust that we shall long and regularly have the use of its pages.

It is a periodical which we can freely and most earnestly recommend to our citizens. The cream of the articles that appear in the foreign reviews can be found in its columns. It is, in fact, to any one who wishes to keep "posted" on matters and things in Europe, a *sine qua non*. The mail communication between the East and California is now so frequent and regular, that we recommend to our citizens, that they subscribe for Littell's *Living Age*. The subscription is but six dollars a year—a mere trifle in California. If any one desires to examine the work, numbers of it can be found at our office, and we should be happy to give any information in our power.

THE LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.